THE SPHERE

Vol. CXL
No. 1836

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MARCH 30
1935

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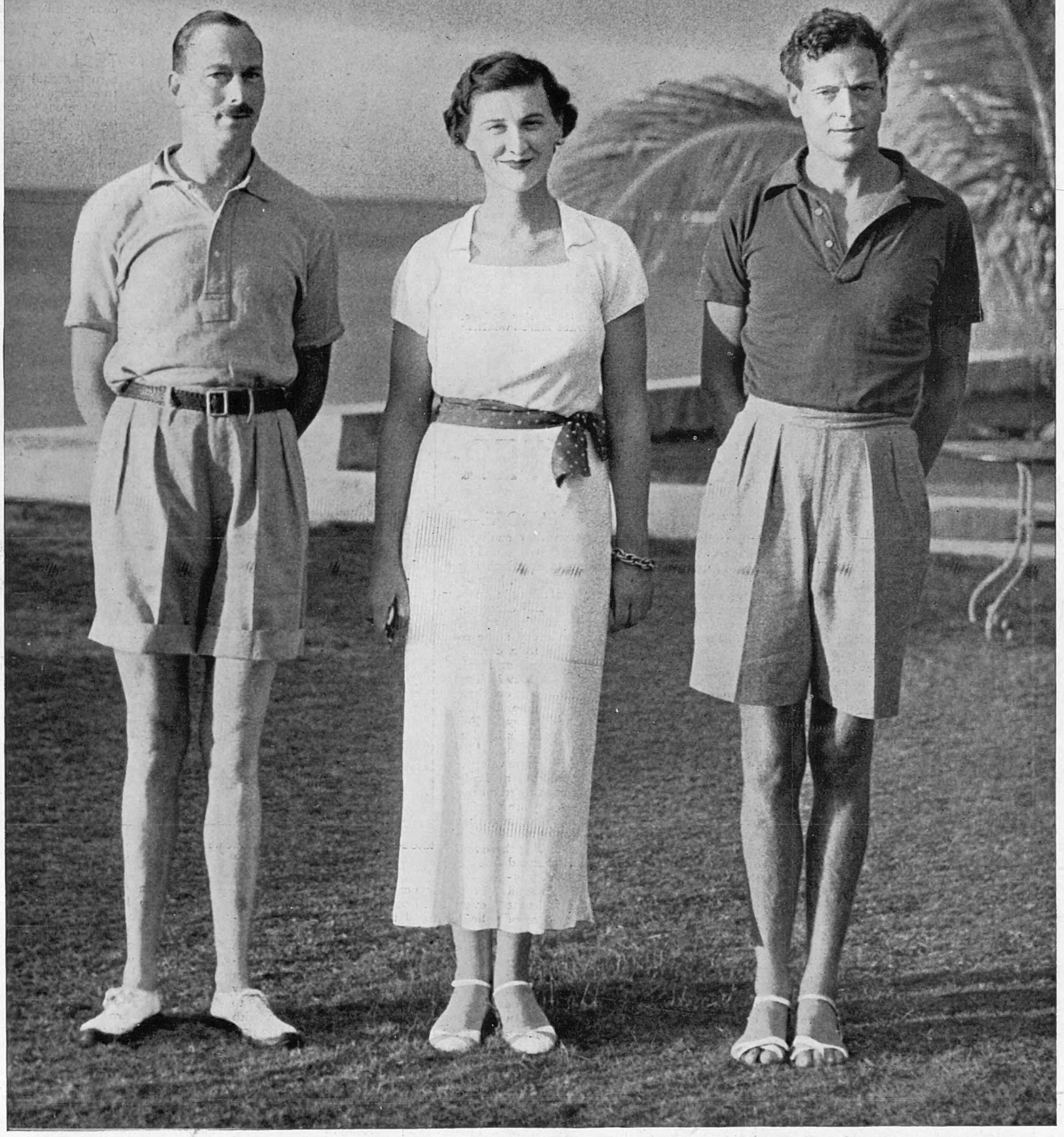
THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, March 30, 1935



BROTHERS MEET

The Duke of Gloucester Spends a Week-end with the Duke and Duchess of Kent at Montego Bay, Jamaica

While Britain was celebrating the Royal Wedding last year the Duke of Gloucester was in the middle of a strenuous Empire tour, and consequently had no opportunity of personally congratulating the Duke of Kent on his marriage to Princess Marina. On March 9, however, there was a happy re-union when the King's third son, homeward bound from New Zealand, arrived in Jamaica and spent a week-end with his brother and his sister-in-law at Montego Bay, where they are enjoying the last days of their honeymoon. The Duke of Gloucester returned to England this week in H.M.A.S. *Australia*, but the Duke and Duchess of Kent are not expected back until April 15. It is understood that when they do arrive they will not take up residence in their new home in Belgrave Square, the preparation of which is uncompleted, but will stay for a time at Buckingham Palace and afterwards go on to Holyroodhouse where His Royal Highness will hold Court in his capacity as High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland

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SPRING IN THE AIR: Students basking in the sunshine on the steps of University College, Gower Street—a familiar sight during the past few days of unusually temperate March weather

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

346, STRAND, W.C.,
Wednesday, March 27, 1935.

IN EUROPE — NOW.— This week I simply cannot attempt to compass a seriously-intentioned paragraph on the state of Europe. Partly it is due no doubt to last week's divine surprise—the arrival of summer in mid-March, which induced in me a *mi-carème* spirit and turned my thoughts to mowing machines, birds' nests, flannel trousers and tennis rackets. But partly it is due to too slavish attention to the news summary of the B.B.C. at 9.30 p.m. For how many months, years, decades, have we listened to summaries of the latest efforts, concerted or individual, by succeeding governments of different nations to explore the avenues and forge measures to peace in Europe? MacDonald, Baldwin, Simon, Eden, Barthou, Laval, Mussolini; Russians, Italians, Frenchmen, Englishmen, even Americans, have paid and received visits and brought back or otherwise presented the promise of peace with honour or peace with security, and on every such "favourable development" the B.B.C., as in duty bound, has commented hopefully, solemnly, with reasoned optimism and intelligent and apparently intelligible explanations—and where are we now? We are in a state of darkness—the profound darkness of ignorance—as deep as at any time in history. If one's memory is good for as little as three months of recent history, one can but laugh, grimly and cynically, at all and every pronouncement on the hopes and dangers of the situation made by public men. Last week, for example, the "last of the Tories," Mr. Duff Cooper, spoke in terms which could only be described as those of the bad old methods of diplomacy. In his view the situation in Europe had never been so dangerous (for war) since 1914. In his view the only remedy was an alliance against reckless aggressors by Britain, France, Italy and Russia. Two days after, he sat on a platform with Sir Robert Horne who declared that the situation was clarified enormously by Hitler's bombshell and was "more favourable than at any time since the war." Did Mr. Cooper laugh in his sleeve and had he forgotten his own pronouncement still in current print?

THE BYRON OF EUROPE.— And if both these men believe that such an alliance as Mr. Cooper foreshadowed could be secured, not on a basis of armed sanctions but under the peaceful ægis of the League, how do they expect to base the peace of Europe on a League which depends on the faithful carrying-out of treaty obligations by signatory nations, when they must remember that every stage to the present chaos has been due to a cynical disregard of treaty obligations, moral or legal, by half the nations of Europe since 1919? The messengers of Peace are busy again on their missions, Simon to Berlin; Eden to Berlin, Moscow and Warsaw; Laval to Moscow. For England is to-day what Byron was in his heyday in London society just before Waterloo. If he smiled on Lady Jersey, Lady Caroline developed suicidal tendencies; if he made eyes at Lady Frances, another of the fair ones turned on the Tragic Muse. France and Germany are playing us off against each other, quite determined that the Byron of Europe shall not be alone for a moment with the rival fair one. For these and other good reasons, for the darkness and the doubts and all our ridiculous ignorance, for the utterly opposing views and pronouncements of pundits, I feel that the peace of Europe must take care of itself for a week or two without the guidance and explications of one more frail and blind man. The statesmen who really seek peace are once more exploring the well-trodden avenues. Let us leave them to it and hope for the best. Britons of whatever party are unanimous in their belief in our Government's sincere desire for peace. Europe knows it also in its heart. It is not our will to peace, but our powers as a magician, that are in doubt to-day. The Berlin news is hopeful. Hitler's latest apologia is based on fear of the Red. Let us leave it there.

WIRELESS AND THE FUTURE.—Colonel Dawnay is back to the Army again. In September he will leave the B.B.C. to command the Irish Guards Regiment and Depôt. From the very start the strain involved in the higher posts at the B.B.C. has been continuous and heavy. A universal provider of uplift and recreation for every type and class in the State is naturally and at all times everybody's Aunt Sally, and the fire of criticism has been as intense as the rain of praise. No programme can satisfy a majority, since every 10s. licence holder conceives that he is entitled to twelve hours of broadcasting a day to his special taste. The work never relaxes, new programmes must be prepared months ahead, punctuality is vital, foresight and preparation are essentials more vital than in any dangerous trade. Add the difficulties to be smoothed away in connection with artistic temperaments, the intricate problems of censorship, the last-minute changes and surprise happenings that wreck long-prepared programmes, and—our admiration must go out to those leaders who have stuck it from the start, *illis robur et aes triplex*. . . . Will broadcasting continue to grow in popularity and has it become as permanent a necessity for civilised man as tea or electric light? It is an interesting speculation. I can only speak for a minority in a small country—a class of moderately-well educated individuals of moderate means, brought up to be satisfied with old-fashioned recreations—such as reading carefully and widely and re-reading old favourites—and not requiring constant distractions nor crying out for new sensations. For such an one, it seems to me that the first novelty and thrill in the new invention has worn away and that broadcasting has reached a stage when new features will be harder to find and when proficiency in the production of older features has not increased sufficiently fast to hold the attention of old patrons. The B.B.C. is always experimenting. How to present the day's news, how to mix and proportion the ingredients of its *plat du jour*, these and a score of other questions keep the management in a perpetual state of change and experiment.

APEX OR INTERLUDE?—My own personal reactions to broadcasting suggest that there is (among my own sort) a feeling that talks (on subjects political and economic especially) have been overdone; that variety can never please until the artists engaged have acquired an entirely new air-wave technique. So long as they gabble their lines and shout or whisper their gags, variety will remain a doubtful experiment. Once or twice I have felt hopeful of wireless drama, only to be disappointed anew. The benefits which broadcasting brings to me personally are now reduced to two items: The B.B.C. symphony, promenade, and chamber music concerts; and the last news bulletin. Two years ago I wondered whether broadcasting would seriously affect journalism, just as I wondered whether the cinema would ever kill the public demand for actors in the flesh. To-day I feel sure that the newspaper habit and the playgoing habit are infinitely deeper-rooted in the natures of men like myself than the wireless or cinema habit will ever be. The cinema we have added to the list of our necessary amenities. I am not so sure about broadcasting. I am by no means certain of its survival at its present high-water mark of popularity. While wireless licences issued may for some time increase, I think the wireless sets may go the way of the croquet mallets and ping-pong sets and find temporary asylum in the box-room, to be pulled out and dusted again and re-charged with enthusiasm at intervals.

EXODUS FROM THE CITY: Members of one of London's many cycling clubs Road on the first Sunday of spring

LAND UNDER ENGLAND.

—Joseph O'Neill's *Land under England* is to me a more remarkable than pleasant story. Like all books of vivid imagination, it is impossible to categorize. It is Verne—Wells—Samuel Butler—Swift—Doyle—Blake, if you must attempt to find categories. The wise man makes no such attempt and leaves it—with admiration and relief—as O'Neill's nightmare. The Roman wall hides a secret passage—which I shall never seek—leading to a world inhabited by the old Roman civilization and lying beyond a waste of seas and roaring cataracts, down cliff faces and across slimy bogs, guarded by huge spiders and snakes, and dressed in fungoid vegetation, and lit only by the phosphorus of corruption. In this world beyond these seas and slimes and barriers lives a race whose lamentable existence some critics clearly read as a skit on the Hitler regime in Germany. This robot race lives a colourless existence in profound darkness. It is governed by a small "intelligentsia" for the common good, each individual having surrendered his personality and personal will and aspirations to become "absorbed" in the common weal and will to labour for the State's good. Child education in this fearful country consists in discovering the inherited usefulness of each individual, developing that item in each character and isolating it by killing all conflicting individual aspirations, urges, and characteristics.

Pedalling along the Brighton

A NAZI PICTURE?

—All manifestations of individual character or genius are thus sterilized and nothing personal remains in the man or woman but a trained efficiency to perform for the State a single task. The citizens walk in profound darkness; they have eyes and see not, for their task is mechanical. They have surrendered their liberty of thought and action in exchange for nothing but peace. Love, joy, hope, ambition—all are sacrificed to a peace of mind which comes to those who have given their allegiance to one thing which is permanent, and therefore can never fail them (as friendship, love, hope, and ambitions can and do fail us). If this is Hitlerism, it is worse than I dreamed it. Passionately as I prize and will fight for individual liberty, I credited Hitlerism with leaving to the individual at least some laughter, colour, warmth, light, and hope. But this nightmare of O'Neill, gripping and revolting as it is, is a picture of a futile sacrifice. For his underworld leads an entirely useless existence, which is safeguarded and perpetuated by the use of clumsy, antiquated tools. It is a blind struggle by the damned to perpetuate an unendurable and utterly aimless existence in the pit. Other critics have declared that the fantasy is more thrilling than a bare-face thriller. From this I dissent. It is more philosophical treatise than adventure tale, and the plums of action are few and far between. But though it will always depress and obsess you, and occasionally bore you, you cannot choose but read it to the end.

LIFE PEERS.

—The text of Lord Rockley's Bill providing for the appointment of Life Peers was issued at the week-end, after the King's consent to its introduction had been secured. Its terms are so far more restricted than I had supposed that the high hopes I had formed of this bill as the basis of future agreement for tackling House of Lords' reform crash to the ground. It proposes that not more than five life peers shall be created in any one year, and that the number sitting in the second chamber shall never exceed fifty. In the present Chamber there are about 700 peers, of whom about 100 can be whipped to Westminster for a debate of national importance. 600 members of the present House are therefore for the purposes of Parliamentary Government duds pure and simple and must be kicked out neck and crop from a purged House. That would leave a reformed House of fewer than 200, all told, if made up of hereditary peers who had earned the right to be summoned to sit, of a leaven of Bishops, and of life peers. That figure is on the small side. But it would be a dozen years before the life-peer element (allowing for deaths) would reach its establishment figure of fifty. So that the 'vital' question is not brought much nearer solution by this half-measure. In other respects the provisions of the Bill are on sound lines, at first blush. The "qualifications" for a life-peerage, which would always rank as a barony, are defined as: the attainment of high judicial office; of the rank of rear-admiral, major-general, or air-vice-marshal; distinguished service in the diplomatic, civil, consular, or colonial services; governorship or lieutenant-governorship of any dominion, province, or colony; membership of the House of Commons for twenty years or more; or pre-eminence in law, medicine, science, art, literature, commerce, or social or industrial work. Very sound and all-embracing at first reading. But on closer consideration, what a number of holes could be picked in the fabric, what a wealth of ridicule could be thrown on the scheme! Unless the definitions are purely arbitrary and elastic the greatest authority on military technique might be excluded on the score of rank, the highest authority on agriculture disqualified. If the existing hereditary chamber is merely to be reinforced by an admittedly valuable and "live" element of fifty life peers, then reform is as far off as ever. For if one thing is agreed, it is that there can be no grafting of a selective system on the rotten hereditary stem. And if that is not the intention of the Bill, then the Bill is but one more half measure, totally inadequate in scope and vague in definition.

SALMON RESEARCH.

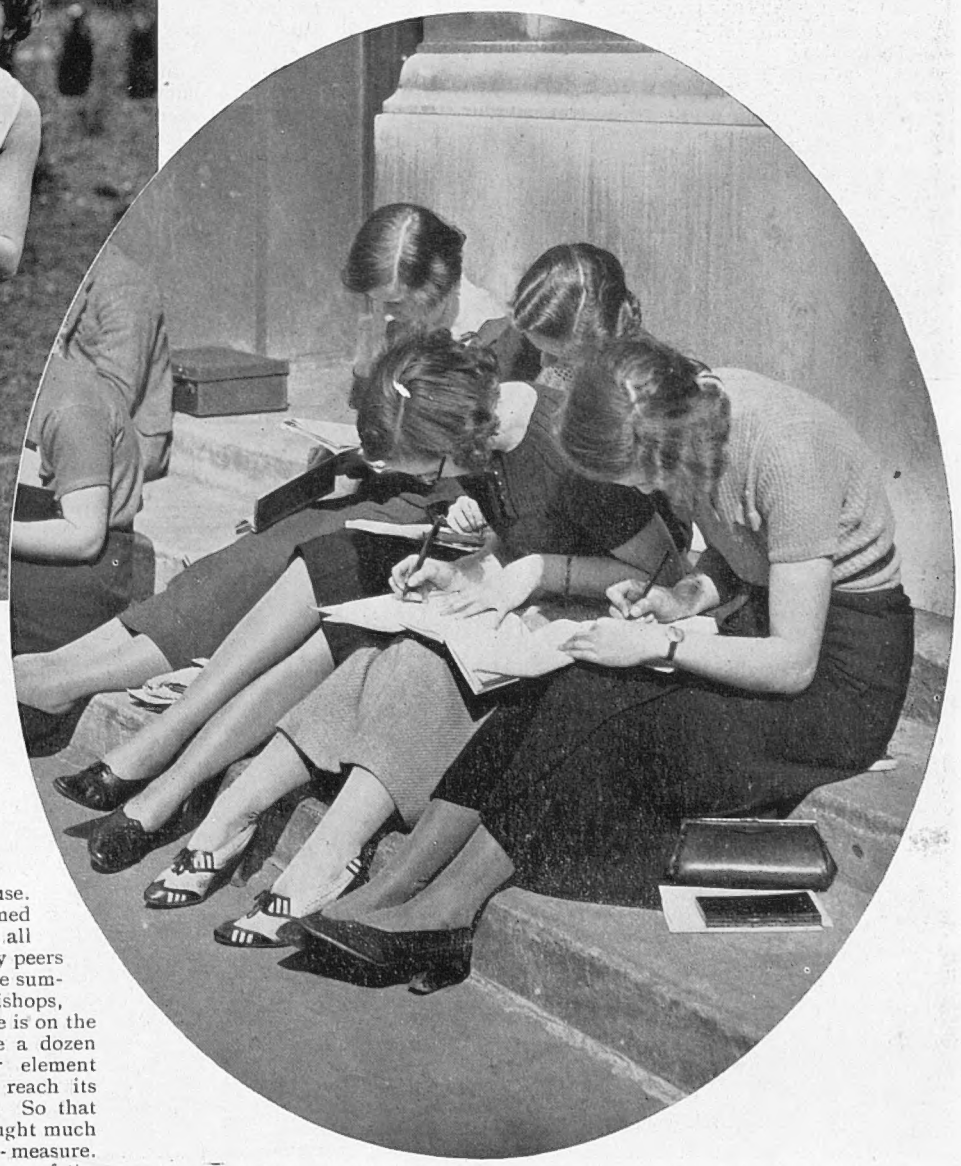
—Salmon research is a matter of far more than local or sporting interest. All salmon fishermen naturally find the subject to their taste, and it follows that researches carried out on a particular river hold the interest of that particular neighbourhood. But the well-being of the salmon in British rivers is a much larger problem—it is a food problem, an industrial problem, and an important item in the functions of the Ministry of Agriculture. I recommend to general attention the second annual report of the Avon Biological Research Scheme. The Hampshire Avon is famous for its salmon and is by nature well suited to scientific research. During the past year the research officer, Mr. J. Berry, confined his experiments to the important questions of "black-spot" disease, weed control, and light radiation control. His report describes his hatching and stocking experiments which should at all costs be continued, especially as last year's drought handicapped many lines of inquiry. The pamphlet is issued by the University of Southampton at the price of 2s. 6d., and published by Hobbs and Son of Shirley Road, Southampton. Those who read the report will no doubt see to it that this important work shall not perish for lack of support.

PITY THE SPEED FIEND.—

My heart bleeds for Sir Malcolm Campbell. He spent weeks of hope deferred at Daytona Beach, waiting and preparing for those sand conditions which never came. He built his hopes on sand and that substance is a notoriously frail foundation for any edifice. It was a depressing visit, not much mitigated by the well-intentioned hospitality of neighbouring speed fans. When a man of fifty sets his heart on driving a motor car at 300 m.p.h. he will probably, if spared, set his hopes at fifty-two on 350 m.p.h., but certainly he will not rest content with a world's record of 276 m.p.h. What is the good, indeed, of crawling over the ground at 276 m.p.h.? It is not even a round number. So *Blue Bird*—that elusive spirit of happiness—and her owner are coming home again, crestfallen. But really I hardly like to think of the welcome Mr. Belisha has in store for them. Sir Malcolm found crawling conditions on Daytona Beach, which is not scheduled as a built-up area. What will he say to the state of the track between Putney Bridge and Esher, via Kingston? But Sir Malcolm is a man of sense and a careful driver, and he will accept this speed limit as necessary and will find, as I do, that the journey from Hindhead to London takes precisely the same time (in comfort) as before the new rule.

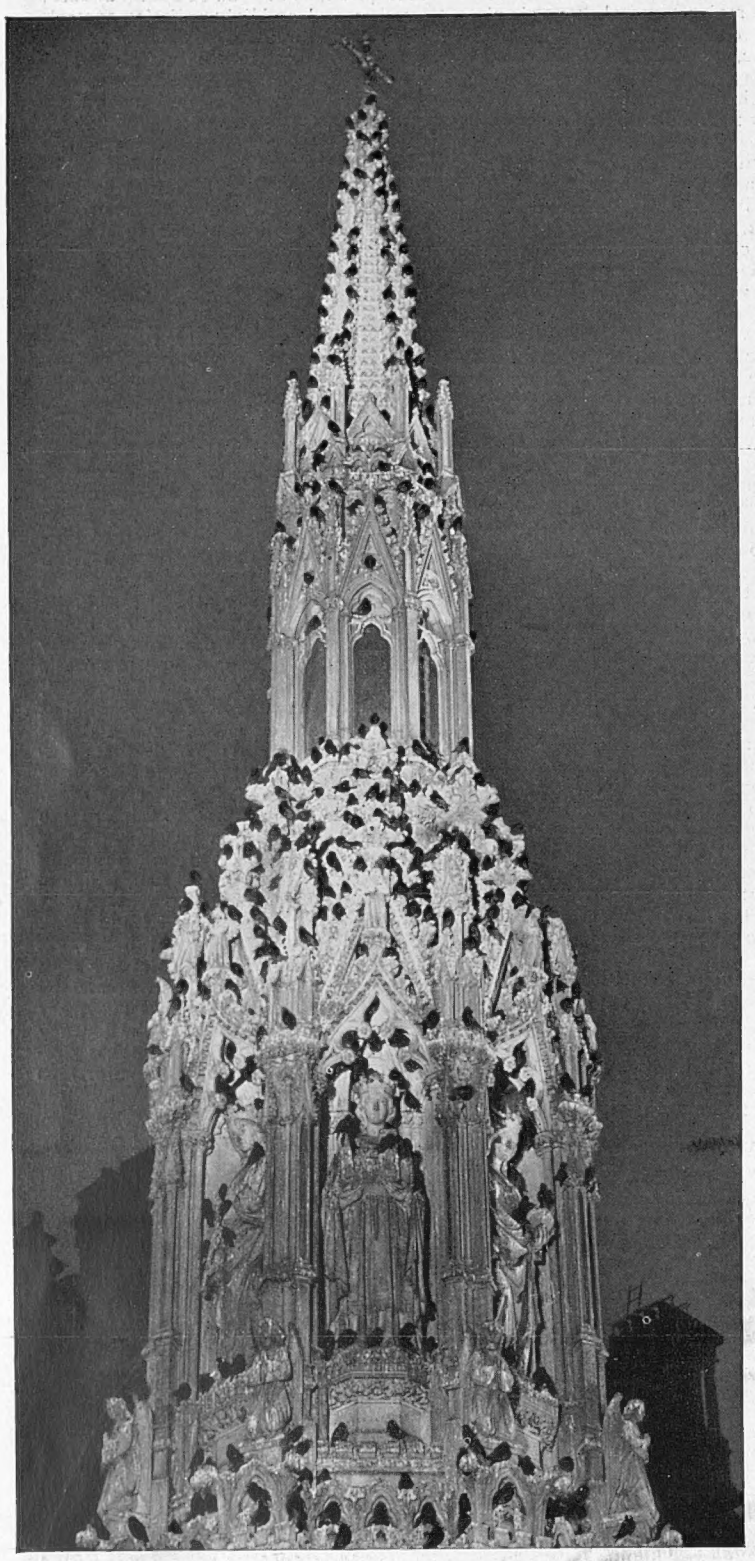
THE OLD STAGER

A POTENTIAL WORLD-BEATER: Miss R. M. Hardwick, whose brilliant play at the recent Queen's Club Tennis Tournament clearly marks her out as a possible Wimbledon champion of the near future. She not only won the Singles title by outplaying the experienced Miss Harvey, but was successful in partnership with Miss Nuthall in the Women's Doubles, and with Aoki, of Japan, in the Mixed Doubles. If she maintains her present form she is almost certain to play in this year's Wightman Cup team

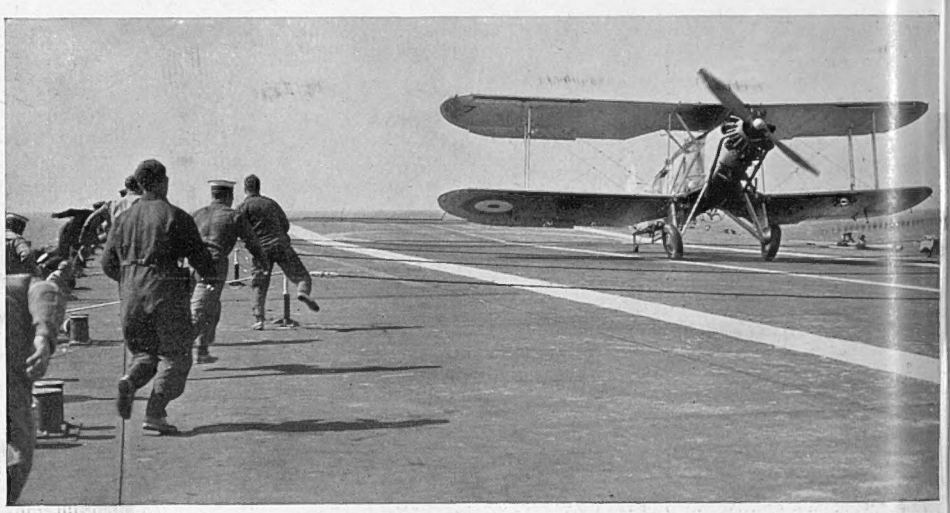


"NOTES, FORSOOTH, AND NOTING": Students of King's College, Strand, writing up a lecture in the open air

From All Quarters



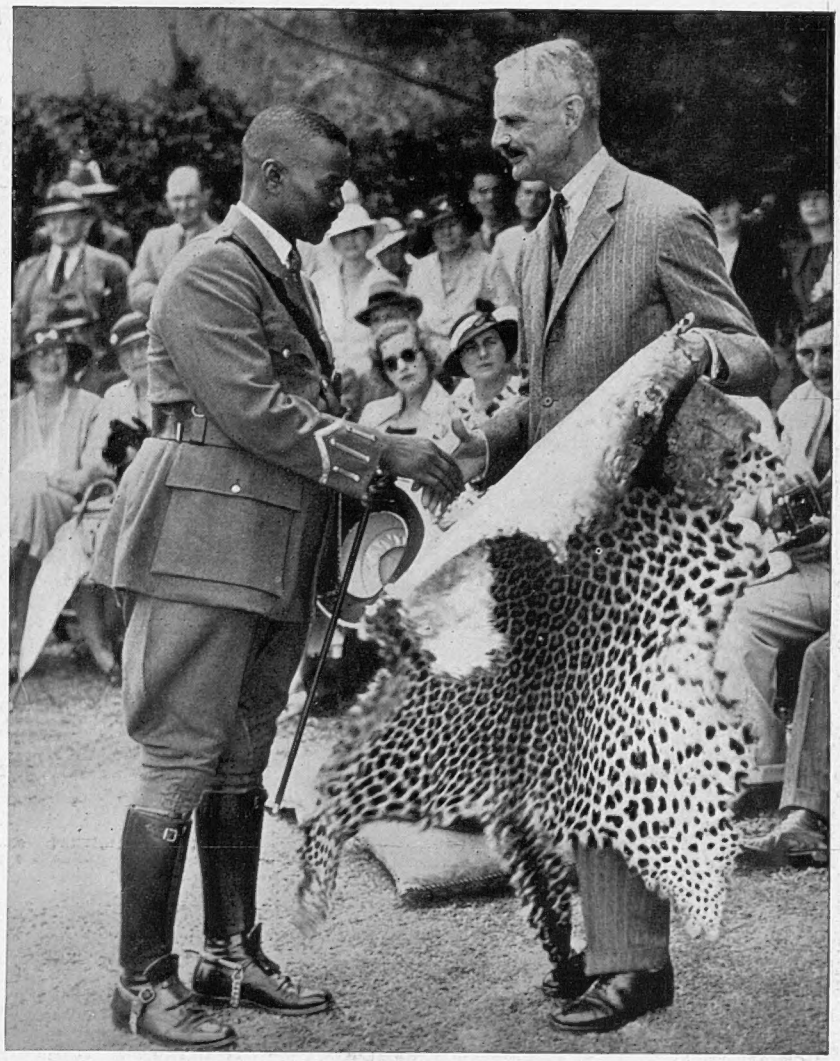
BATHING IN ARTIFICIAL SUNSHINE: Starlings perching on Eleanor's Cross, the monument at the entrance to Charing Cross Station which is now being floodlit. The cross is only a conjectural copy of the Go hic original, which was erected in 1291 by Edward I near the spot where the coffin of his consort was set down for its last halt on the way from Nottinghamshire to Westminster Abbey



HOW IT IS DONE: This picture, which has recently been released for publication by the Admiralty, reveals for the first time the secret of how an aeroplane lands in safety on the limited space available on an aircraft-carrier. When the 'plane is coming down, a hook, suspended from the fuselage, catches in one of a series of wires stretched transversely across the flight-deck, thus effectively braking the machine's speed

THE ANGLO-GERMAN CONVERSATIONS: *Left*—Sir John Simon being received by Baron von Neurath, German Foreign Minister (in foreground), when he arrived by air in Berlin last Sunday for his series of momentous talks with Herr Hitler. *Right*—An historic picture taken in Herr Hitler's study on Monday when he was outlining to Sir John Simon and Mr. Anthony Eden the attitude of Germany towards the suggestion that the signatories to the Locarno Treaty should further collaborate in the interests of peace. The Chancellor spoke at great length and the meeting lasted from 10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.

THE LIGHT BLUES ON THE TIDEWAY: The Cambridge boat-race crew, watched by a large number of lunch-hour spectators, taking out their new boat for the first time. They are rowing well, but are said to be below the standard of Oxford who have a real chance this year of breaking their long run of failures



A GRACEFUL GESTURE: The Paramount Chief of the Zulu nation presenting a leopard skin to Major the Honourable J. J. Astor, Chairman of The Times Publishing Company and leader of the British Delegation to the Imperial Press Conference. A picture taken at Umhlanga Rocks, Natal, after a war dance given by the natives in honour of the delegates who visited the district during the early stages of their tour of the Union of South Africa

TROUBLE IN DUBLIN: One of the military lorries used in the Free State capital last week as emergency transport for school-children and workers following the breakdown in the negotiations to settle the long-drawn-out tramway and bus strike

IN CASE OF INVASION: Placing an oil-skin hood in position during a demonstration at the Small Arms School, near Salisbury, where War Office officials are undergoing a course of training in the art of protection against gas attack

A BOON TO ART LOVERS: The National Gallery illuminated so that the pictures may be viewed by the public during the long winter evenings; an innovation that will meet with the whole-hearted approval of those who have difficulty in finding time to visit the collection in the day. The lighting system has been installed by the General Electric Company

Last Week's State Function at St. James's Palace

THE KING'S LEVÉE

The Prince of Wales Deputises on Behalf of His Majesty

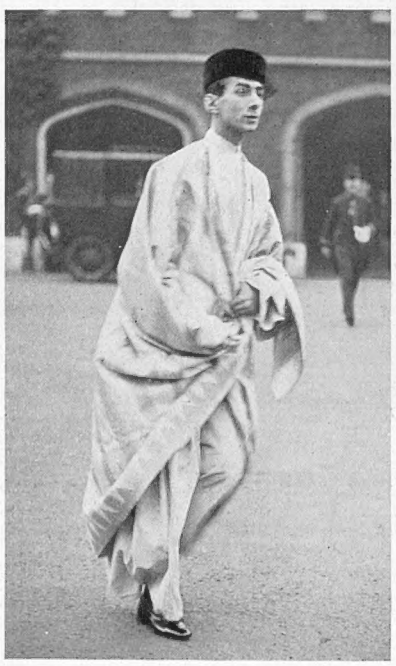
A FULL-DRESS OCCASION: Officers of a Highland Regiment arriving at St. James's Palace for the Levée held on Friday of last week by the Prince of Wales, at which he received members of the Diplomatic Corps and a large company. Presentations to His Royal Highness are by the King's Pleasure considered as equivalent to presentations to His Majesty

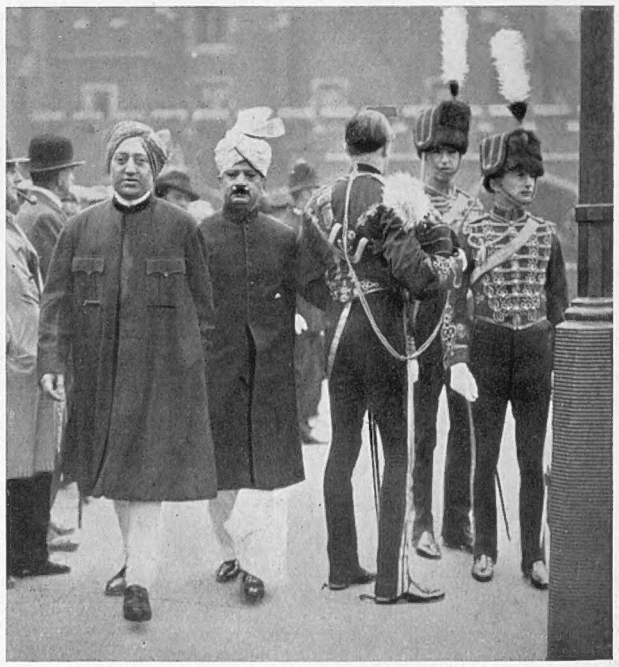
LIEUT.-COLONEL JOHN LAURIE (left) who was presented by Major-General Sir Archibald Ritchie (right) on his appointment to the command of the 2nd Battalion of the Seaforth Highlanders

ON THE WAY TO THE PALACE: Assistant-Superintendent Ford of the Palestine Police Force, who was presented by Mr. J. H. Thomas

MR. ARTHUR MORLEY, O.B.E., K.C. (centre), who was presented by the Dominions Secretary on his appointment as Recorder of Sheffield, and who afterwards presented his son, Mr. Godfrey Morley (left) and Mr. Paul Lindo (right)

LEAVING AFTER THE LEVÉE: Colonel G. B. Edwards, Sir Frank Sanderson (Conservative Member of Parliament for Ealing), and Mr. Arthur Hill





EASTERN NOTABILITIES: *Left*—Flowing robes that contrasted strangely with the attire of the rest of the assembly. *Right*—Sirdar Harditsing, President of the Chief Punjab Association, and Dr. V. N. Lambah, Police Surgeon to the Staffordshire Constabulary

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AN ARABIAN DESERT SCHOOL : Teaching Bedouin Children to Read and Write

READING WITHOUT TEARS: The teacher instructs his class of Bedouin children outside a camp in the desert. An everyday scene in the territory of Transjordania, where a determined effort is being made to turn the young Bedouin into a law-abiding citizen, and give him an education which will fit him to earn a livelihood in an honourable manner, instead of plundering the peasants after the fashion of his forefathers. *Right*—Another study of Arab children at their lessons

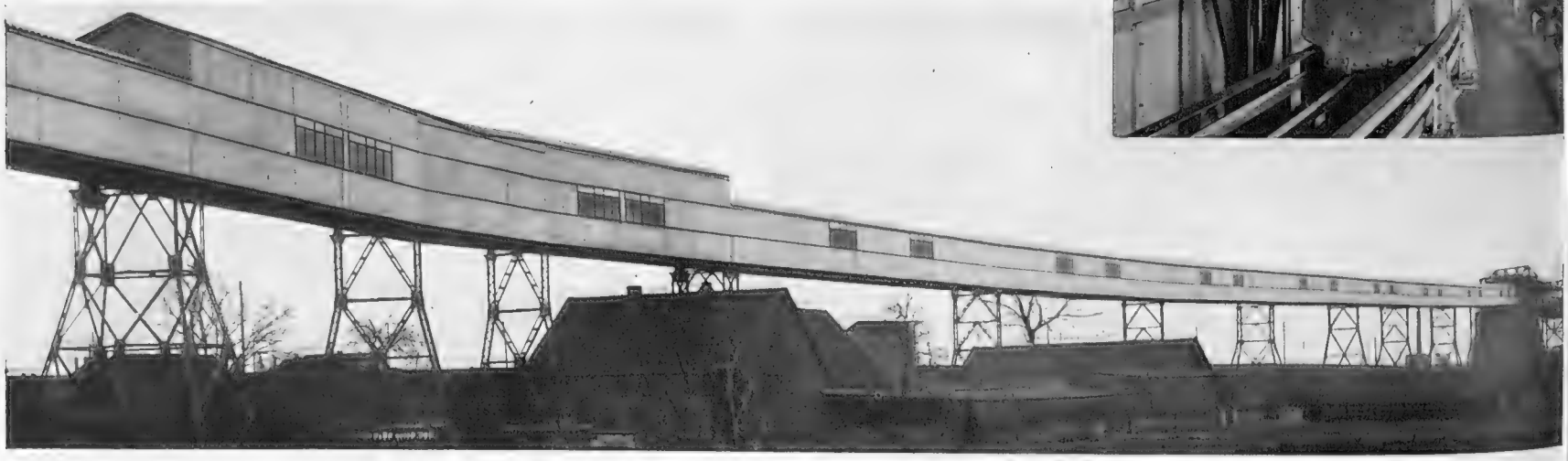
THE LEARNED CIRCLE

These Bedouin children show a remarkable aptitude for study, and are said to be much quicker than the town-dwellers in mastering the alphabet

A SOLDIER OF INDUSTRY: A welder on the deck of the *Queen Mary*, the giant Cunard White Star liner which is being fitted out by Messrs. John Brown and Co. at Clydebank. He is wearing a shield fitted with a window which he can bring down over his face as protection against the super-heated globules of iron which scatter in all directions when work is in progress

ENTERING HER ELEMENT: The new dredger, *Onger* Messrs. Simons and Co. of Renfrew—going down and christened by Miss Honor Ward, daughter Director-General of Navi

SPANNING THE WAAL: The great bridge which is being constructed across the river near Nijmegen and which, when completed, will provide a much needed traffic link between northern and southern Holland. It will be over 750 yards long, will have a central arch of about 240 yards, and its cost is estimated at approximately seven million francs

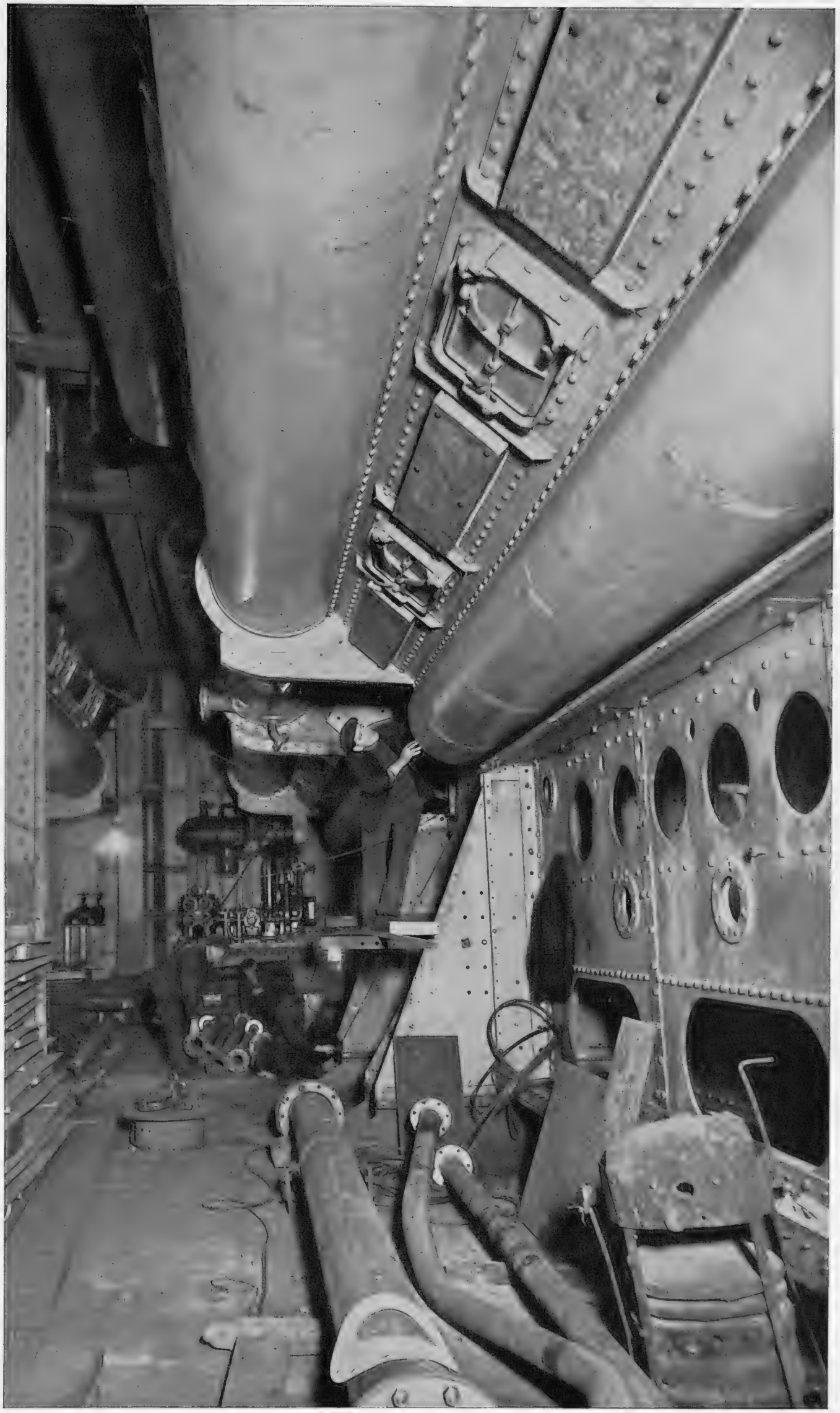


COLLIERIES COMBINE: A general view of the longest coal conveyor in the world, which has been built by the Saarbrücken firm of Heckel and has recently been erected at district in the Province of Westphalia. The conveyor links up two mines, situated a mile-and-a-half apart, with a central despatch depôt which lies halfway between them. in trolleys, which journey along the overhead rails to the main-line depôt, where they unload, and then travel empty to the other mine. Here they are filled up again, and depôt on the down line. This system is proving most effective, and has reduced transportation costs to a very satisfactory figure. *Inset above*—Trolleys about to pass

A "Sphere" Engineering Survey

—built for the Government of Iraq by the slipway after she had been launched of Colonel John Ward, C.M.G., C.I.E., gation at Basra

Recklinghausen, an important mining The coal is brought to the pit-head immediately start back towards the each other on the conveyor



PROGRESS OF THE "QUEEN MARY": A workman engaged on the final phase of the work of install ng the boilers. The vessel, which will probably make her maiden voyage in the spring of next year, is almost certain to capture the speed record of the Atlantic, as tank model tests are said to have revealed that she will be capable of steaming at 34 knots in a moderate sea. She is being fitted with geared turbines of the very latest type

GESTICULATING TO AN UNSEEN AUDIENCE: M. Flandin, the French Premier, giving a broadcast talk on his plans for economic reform

The Master Mind of Sterling

A British Civil Servant, Unknown to the General Public, who Exercises a Profound Influence upon the Money Markets of the World

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THERE is always something perversely satisfying in writing about a very important person of whom not one in a hundred or in a thousand, has ever heard.

Such a one is Ralph George Hawtrey, Esq., buried away, as usual, in the Civil Service. I confess Mr. Hawtrey had not appealed to me in his true significance until the other day a foreign friend announced "C'est votre Hawtrey!" This was when the £ recently began sliding again.

Now let us get things right.

The tangle of the exchanges, bringing acute economic instability, and probably eventual war and upheaval unless things are remedied, is rapidly becoming recognised as a problem transcending in importance any other that faces this generation. The ideal of currency stabilisation and of an even price level internationally is growing in the minds of men. I know this because quite young people are asking, "Would it benefit us if France and the others went off gold?" And if so, in what way? Or would it be a setback to England?

Well, outside financial and economic circles here and abroad (very much so) Ralph Hawtrey, Esq., must be as good as unknown. Yet his is the brain in the background that is guiding sterling, which means the brain that is guiding the monetary policy of half the world. In the reference books you will read that Mr. Hawtrey is Director of Financial Enquiries at the Treasury. What an intricate web, what a nervous picture that covers! I rather think we ought to call our subject Chief Intelligence Officer for the £. Just as we geniuses of "I" branch in France had to watch the Germans' every move opposite—even when they lit a fire or laid out under-garments to dry—so the job of this self-obliterating Whitehall functionary, who comes from Chelsea to his post each morning, is felinely to watch the financial capitals of the world so as to be able to tell his varyingly distracted superiors what is happening and what it implies. Hawtrey's is the voice that whispereth in Neville's ear before Neville faces the House and makes such pronunciamentos as we have latterly been honoured with. For instance, as when the Chancellor announced, with a sangfroid that must have reddened many a Gallic neck, that the dollar and the franc were not yet in harmony, that American and French prices were out of relationship to each other, though both were in theory tethered to gold. Or when the Chancellor followed with the equally calm assurance that there was nothing in the least bit to worry about in the recent desertion of sterling. Internal prices had not gone up, that was the main thing, and what the gold countries did or did not do was their own look-out! (That was when I heard: *C'est votre Hawtrey!*)

Our Mr. Hawtrey has been thirty-one years at the Treasury—since the age of twenty-five—and prior to that he had been nineteenth Wrangler at Cambridge (from Eton). Perhaps I have scarcely done him justice in writing him down as so unknown since he has written almost a book a year in the last decade, some of which have gone into several editions, while his testimony before the Macmillan Commission offers many a clue to-day to what the Treasury is thinking. Titles of Hawtrey publications tell a good deal of themselves: *Currency and Credit, The Exchequer and Control of Expenditure, Monetary Reconstruction, The Economic Problem, Gold Standard in Theory and Practice, Trade and Credit, Trade Depression and the Way Out, The Art of Central Banking.* The collection shows the catholic nature of the author's approach to the major problem of our time, outside of armaments, which are closely associated with it.

The master mind of sterling is very nearly inaccessible, and he may never, never be interviewed for publication. The most a favoured scrivener may achieve is the clearing up of some aspect of the immensely complex currency problem, on which occasion what is said is strictly in the way of guidance only. Mr. Hawtrey offers the complete example of the person off stage who really does matter. One impertinently wonders whether his unusual sensitiveness to the foreign mind, his gift for reading foreign reactions, has in any way been enhanced by marriage with a lady whose maiden name was Hortense d'Aranyi. At any rate, the gift is there, together with a total absence of the insular mind—the two books I picked out showed that. Mr. Hawtrey seems to possess those rare things, human antennae. He *feels* what the franc or the belga or the guilder is up to. Added to which, he has a supreme knack of seizing and making comprehensible the economic, banking and credit factors that have conducted to the present charming mess. One is convinced that Mr. Hawtrey makes everything sound curiously simple for his superiors. Of course a tremendous amount of experience has gone into his composition.

Mr. Hawtrey knew the halcyon, straightforward days before the War when this country was conceded undisputed leadership and authority in the working of the gold standard, with amazingly serene consequences, viewed from to-day. He was also there when the impulsive Winston put us prematurely back on gold in 1925, and, again, when we slipped off that luxury six years later. And he has surveyed the years since, when the depreciation of the yen and the dollar, the growth of tariffs, quotas, and exchange restrictions, the mad conversion of foreign balances, and the non-stop gymnastics of the principal currencies, chiefly visible to the bemused layman when gold bars fall through the bottom of aeroplanes, have been the sustained order of the day.

DR. COLIJN, the Dutch Premier, who regards the maintenance of the guilder on the gold standard as a matter of vital importance to Holland

Yet the monetary drama only waxes the fiercer, the madder. Mr. Hawtrey now knows days when his "intelligence" brain must grapple with a bewildering medley of contributing factors, shifting ever as the seashore sands. The non-monetary factors are alone of paramount consequence. Hitler introduces Conscription. Our Labour Party launches a disarmament crusade when its intelligent foreign experts know full well that to disarm now would be to stimulate the appetite, in relation to this realm and Empire, of deprived, angry, covetous, and enfevered Continental peoples armed or arming to the teeth. (*Crise politique en Angleterre! Echo de Paris!* Down goes sterling. Intervenes the Equalization Fund.) Roosevelt receives another rebuff from the Senate. A king or a premier is murdered. Politics or revolutions flare up. "Strong" rumours circulate. People try to make a corner in mustard and the bottom falls out of the market. A notorious Continental speculating "ring" puts up a stunt. A further fall in prices in the gold standard countries. All the time sterling fluctuates while the fevered story of one day is succeeded by the next; and all the time Mr. Hawtrey has to keep his antennae well in position.

"If we knew what Mr. Hawtrey was thinking," observed an American expert I consulted, "we should have a pretty fair notion of what was likely to happen next." Praise!

Just hereabouts, probably the person who is most interesting Mr. Hawtrey is the millionaire Belgian banker, M. Franqui, who will probably lead his country off gold before the autumn. Franqui is in the Cabinet without portfolio and is about to take the chairmanship of a National Committee to suppress unemployment. He has the Socialist leader, M. Vanderveldt, on one side of him, and the Catholic leader, M. van Overbergh, on the other. The Committee numbers five and is precisely what Mr. Lloyd George has recommended for this country. Franqui is for gold all right, but he is a currency realist. He sees nothing immovable in the fact that 35 gold belgas are worth one gold sovereign, as determined by Belgium when she stabilized nine years ago. For whereas 35 gold belgas still exist, the gold sovereign has vanished. M. Franqui has definitely stated that should the £ depreciate to the extent that it would only be worth 90 Belgian francs, then he would devalue. It is at present hovering round 100. But M. Franqui may devalue without any further depreciation of sterling. And that could be a serious matter for this country, since apart from its tremendous capacity for cheap industrial manufacture, Belgium could recapture iron and steel markets vital to us. This raises the whole question of whether we are not much better off with the gold bloc intact, as it is, and that is where Mr. Hawtrey matters so much. Guiding sterling in the defence of the economy of this country, what is he doing, what does he see close up, in the middle distance, in the offing? And what is he thinking, how is he planning to manœuvre vis-à-vis the gold countries? Of course his is only advice, but it happens to be advice that is acted on.

Too many people one meets look upon the possibility of further foreign depreciation in terms of whether they can go abroad once more. Very human, but the merest trifle in this matter—actually, the fact of these people having to stay in this country is contributing, however slightly, to the partial recovery we are making. I always feel that those who really are being deprived of going abroad are the young; a little travel would broaden their minds, give tolerance, better sense of proportion. We young travel-fans of the last generation had seen half Europe in our early twenties!

There are two points of view in the vexed question of to stabilize or not to stabilize. One school says: "Let's keep them on gold as long as we can and continue to undersell them." The other counters with: "That's only making them decay further. The £'s uncertainty is sadly affecting world trade. Let's go out after a sensible stabilization at the first opportunity and try to get things turning again." Mr. Chamberlain interjects that a more logical distribution of the precious metal must be foreshadowed, and the certainty acquired that any future stabilization shall be permanent before we make any further move. And so we go round the mulberry bush. And Mr. Hawtrey "thinks" and "suggests"; and sterling and other currencies dance; dance on towards something as yet undefined, while trade and the inter-relationship of nations flicker down.

Dr. Colijn, Dutch upholder of the gilded fetish in a land flooded with devaluation literature and movements, proclaims that Holland will plod ahead quand-même on gold, even to the extent of restricting home production in order to do so. Does that keep Mr. Hawtrey awake o'nights? Hardly — he must have developed positive X-ray qualities touching foreign finance rhetoric. On the other hand, June 2 next may interest Mr. Hawtrey quite a lot, since on that day there takes place a plebiscite which could be every bit as pregnant with European consequences as was the recent one in the Saar. This time the scene will be Switzerland, where the Swiss people will vote "aye" or "no" regarding the Government's monetary policy of deflation, tantamount to saying that it will vote the country on or off the gold standard.

Will Belgium, weakest link in the chain, go off gold before June 2? Belgium or Switzerland? Which first? And approximately when, Mr. Hawtrey?

THE PUBLICIST: Dr. Goebbels strikes a characteristic attitude during one of his sensational speeches. When he recently announced Germany's return to conscription, he created a feeling of intense uncertainty on the foreign exchanges

GAS MELODRAMA

Berliners Stage an Elaborate Rehearsal of How to Act in Case of Aerial Invasion

LEARNING THE ART OF SELF-PROTECTION: All the pictures on this page were taken in the Kreuzberg district, a working-class quarter of Berlin, when a highly elaborate air defence rehearsal was recently carried out, and the people were shown how to act on receiving warning of an attack. *Left*—A circular cavity dug in one of the streets to represent a shell hole—a piece of realism that would appear to be a somewhat needless waste of public money. *Right*—Pedestrians walking to the nearest "protection cellar," and pressing handkerchiefs to their faces to ward off the poison gas fumes

REGARDLESS OF COST: Three more examples of the melodramatic manner in which the rehearsal was conducted. *Left*—A policeman holding a notice over an unexploded shell in order to warn pedestrians from the spot. *Centre*—A car on fire in one of the streets of the Kreuzberg district. *Right*—For the purposes of the exercise the entrance to one of the "protection cellars" was presumed to have been closed up by an enemy bomb, and these men with pneumatic drills were rushed to the spot to open a new way for the multitudes waiting to escape from the gas-filled streets

TAKE COVER

A car equipped with broadcasting apparatus, speeding through the streets to announce the beginning of the raid. The rehearsal began at 10 a.m. and continued for three-and-a-half hours

A squad, provided with oxygen apparatus, cleaning the streets in order to remove all traces of the poison gas before the people were allowed to leave the underground cellars and return to their homes

BEFORE THE ALL-CLEAR

SKIS ON ETNA

Winter Sports on the Slopes of Europe's Loftiest Volcano

(Pictures by Fosco Maraini)

SICILY'S SNOW-CAPPED GIANT: A fine view of Etna from Taormina. Until recently hardly anyone realised what an excellent ski-ing ground this mountain could be, but since it has been rendered more accessible by the building of a motor road increasing numbers of people have been enjoying winter sports on the higher slopes

PANORAMA: A picture taken from near the summit by a member of a ski-ing party. The view is magnificent and on a clear day it is even possible to see as far as Malta and the Calabrian Mountains

FROM 10,000 FT.: Looking down a precipitous face of Etna

Etna reminds one of Sicily, and Sicily makes one think of blazing sunshine, tanned faces, orange groves, and tropical flowers. The idea of ski-ing on Etna will seem strange to most people; stranger still when they remember that Etna is a volcano, spitting fire and ashes. Etna is 10,737 ft. high, and on its slopes snow is frequent and heavy from the end of October until May. The ski-ing season is, of course, shorter, and lasts from November to April. As a rule, during the winter, snow is to be found at between 5,000 to 6,000 ft., but sometimes much lower down, and it even touches Nicolosi (2,500 ft.) at various times in each season. Until the present year scarcely anyone knew what a wonderful ski-ing ground Etna is because the difficulties in reaching the upper slopes were endless. Now, thanks to the new autostrada, one can run up in a car from Catania to Casa Cantoniera (6,000 ft.) in about half-an-hour. From there it is an easy climb to the central crater. A good skier can do it, at a moderate pace, in two or three hours. The downhill run on skis is indeed thrilling. The vertical drop is about 5,000 ft. something like the Theodule–Breuil near the Matterhorn

Left—IN A WORLD ABOVE THE CLOUDS: Standing on the summit after a three-hour climb from a mountain hut. A good ski-er can make the downward run in between five and eight minutes—a thrill never to be forgotten when once experienced

London Prepares
for the Silver Jubilee

AN EQUINE ARISTOCRAT: Greystone, one of the leaders of the famous team of greys used by His Majesty at Sandringham, which will take part in the Silver Jubilee processions in London

COPYING HIS OWN MASTERPIECE: Mr. John St. Helier Lander with the original portrait of the King (centre), which has been commissioned by Mr. T. B. Davis, the well-known yachting enthusiast, and which will be presented to Victoria College, Jersey. On the left and right are two of the replicas that the artist is painting for the Engineering College at Durban, Australia House, Canada House, and New Zealand House, and which will all be unveiled during the forthcoming celebrations. The original is to be placed on exhibition at the Burlington Galleries in April

HERALDIC ARTISTRY: Shields, crowns, wreaths, and other decorative devices being painted at a New Malden factory. They will be used to decorate buildings along the various routes of the State processions

A GRAND-STAND IN A MOAT: Erecting seating accommodation at the Tower of London in preparation for the pageant which is to be held there from May 25 to June 8, and which will depict the history of the famous fortress

AT THE CITY "GATE": The Royal coachmen waiting at Temple Bar to rehearse the ceremony of the handing-over of the Civic Sword to the King by the Lord Mayor—a picturesque event which will take place during His Majesty's drive on May 6 from the Palace to St. Paul's Cathedral

TRAINING THE RIDERS, AND

Scenes at Weedon

STRENGTHENING THE RIDING MUSCLES: Students practising on dummy horses which lurch and plunge realistically as the riders swing their bodies backwards and forwards. The men are not allowed to hold their reins, their arms are crossed, and their stirrups are drawn up in order to add to the difficulty of the exercise

LOOSE JUMPING IN THE "BABY LANE" where the young army remounts receive their first lessons in clearing obstacles. They soon learn that only at the far end will be found the tin of oats

WELL OVER: A riderless horse being taught to jump in the "Middle Lane," where the obstacles are considerably larger than those shown in the preceding picture

ONLY the graduate of the Equitation School may wear the proud spur on the arm which is the badge of the Army Rough-rider. Incidentally, he is no longer officially that—but "Riding Instructor." It sounds a little less grim, perhaps less reminiscent of the swashbuckling gentry in pill-box caps, light cavalry moustaches, and tight breeches, whose persuasion was the whip and main words of command, "*Mount*—Cross your Stirrups—*Te-rott.*"

No novice goes to the Equitation School. The school trains good horsemen to be instructors. The course lasts a whole year, and in the classes—officers and N.C.O.s—one may find the Army's most promising material, the pick of the cavalry and the Royal Regiment of Artillery. Hence, trained in the most up-to-date methods, they may be trusted to carry them throughout the Army's riding schools.

It is surprising to learn that for over a century of its history the Army provided no official facilities for riding instruction at all. Horsemen were, of course, almost universal, but the military horseman, even at the opening of the Napoleonic Wars, was exceedingly prone to damage his horse with his sabre rather than the foe. It was left to regimental enterprise to remedy the defects. Most riding schools were eventually modelled on one erected by the "Blues" at their own expense at Nottingham.

Weedon, as a school, is comparatively new, dating from 1922. Prior to that Cavalry and Artillery each had their own schools.

The school buildings themselves are interesting in origin. Geographically the centre of England, Weedon was selected as the retreat of George III in the event of a French landing. The present officers' house was to be his lodge, the barracks were built to accommodate his military guard.

ROCKED BY HELPING HANDS: Students doing a violently backwards

Every student, on arrival at Weedon, is allotted three horses for his course. The senior horse will be a wise old stager, trained in the craft—and there is nothing craftier than the troop horse. He is the "demonstration horse." No. 2 is a half-trained remount, whose education, commenced by a former student, will be completed in the new course. The third, a wide-eyed youngster, has his whole army career before him.

By no means all army remounts are trained at Weedon. The generality go straight to their units for training from the remount depôts at Melton or Arborfield Cross. Weedon names its remounts strictly according to plan. Melton horses have names whose initials represent the year of their foaling, commencing in 1914 with "A." Thus it will be seen by the mathematician we are getting perilously close to "X." The importation of a Greek scholar alone will save the situation. Arborfield animals are given names with the same initial as the reigning chief instructor at the school.

Under modern methods the young horse is encouraged to work naturally and willingly. "Loose jumping" in the "lanes" is a feature of Weedon horse-breaking. Turned into a narrow, hedged lane, obstructed by sets of jumps, the young horse is rapidly brought to realize that only at the very far end will be found the tin of oats.

LEARNING THE ROPES: Another picture which illus system of training

ARMY'S ROUGH-THEIR MOUNTS

Cavalry School

toe-touching exercise while their mounts are being moved and forwards

Experience has taught that while perfect co-ordination between horse and rider alone will give results, the badly trained man is inclined to stress his own importance in the duet. The way to cultivate a "pair of hands" is not to use them at all.

Here the lanes once more come into play. His feet free from stirrups, arms folded, the rider may start his horse at one end of a lane, confident that it can neither swerve disastrously nor over-run its course. He devotes his main attention to balance and his remaining powers to the pressure of his legs at the crucial moment. Horse and man are now doing their best and a centaur is in the making.

Weedon tempers the jump to the youngster—horse or man. It has its "grids," a "Baby Lane," "Novices' Nook," and a quaintly suggestive "Money from Home." Even the local Caesar's Camp, with its earthworks and ditches, is pressed into service. The Roman cavalry, it appeared, rode bare-backed. It is a wager that the most hard-bitten centurion would flinch could he see his carefully planned entrenchments put to such uses.

Riding school mishaps have always been associated with forfeits. As far back as 1798 the Order Book of one cavalry regiment prescribed:

(1) A crown for the dropping of a hat.

(2) Half a guinea for a fall, or involuntary separation of the rider's body from the horse.

A polite age, as you will observe.

True to tradition, every Weedon Class has its "Rabbit Fund," to which the offender against good horsemanship must contribute for the common entertainment. In most cavalry regiments to-day such debts are liquidated, literally, when next the trumpet blasts open the canteen door.

The horseman must be something more to be a cavalry soldier. The cavalryman is the army's opportunist, and there is still nothing handier at close quarters or in a surprise engagement than the straight sword. "Skill at Arms" therefore plays an important part in Weedon training, and many a straw dummy is sacrificed.

Dummy horses are nothing new in the Army. They have been "dug-up." It has of late been realised that the old rough-riders had their bright ideas, and after many years lurking in dark corners the wooden horses—nursery toys overgrown—have emerged from retirement. Weedon has a troop of them. They are particularly valuable in this mechanised age. Most recruits find a horse sufficiently terrifying without being required to climb upon its upper deck. The dummy horse can lurch and plunge quite realistically enough: but he will neither kick, bite, nor smile in that peculiarly insulting fashion that a troop horse adopts in the hour of his triumph.

Weedon results are evident at every horse show, tattoo, and tournament. Cavalry displays were of old distinctly the province of the rough-rider himself. One recalls the havoc he created with "Turks' Heads." and "rings and pegs." To-day, far more polished displays may be put up by any regiment from its ranks.

The horse as war material may be on its trial. The Equitation School is making the final triumph of petrol increasingly uncertain.

R. J. T. H.

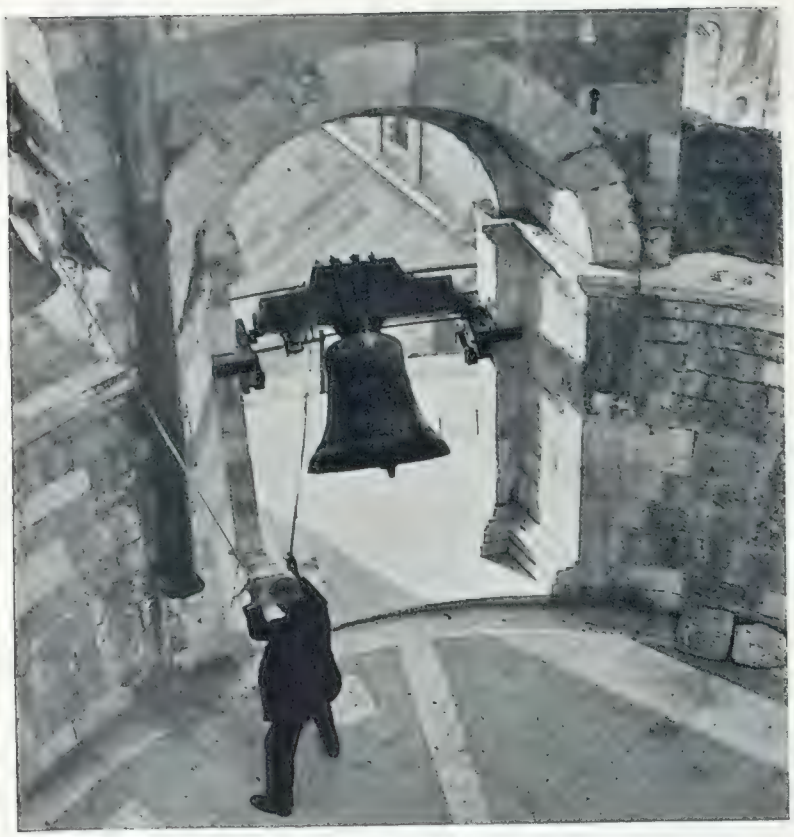
BACK-SOMERSAULTING OFF THE SADDLE: An exercise on the dummy horses that is, if possible, even more difficult than it looks

THE "BECHER'S" OF WEEDON: A student taking an awkward obstacle with a formidable drop on the landing side. His horse is probably an "old hand" at the game, and any mistakes that may be made are usually the fault of the rider

trates the schooling of riderless horses—a feature of the employed at Weedon

A remount receiving a handful of oats after galloping down a lane of jumps. At Weedon the whip is not by any means considered the best form of persuasion

ALL DONE BY KINDNESS



PISA'S PRIDE: One of the old bells, in the eighth storey of the leaning tower, which for centuries have summoned the people to war and to worship and still continue to ring the Angelus although extensive repair work is taking place at the base of the structure. The heaviest bell, weighing six tons, hangs on the side opposite the overhanging wall

GEMS OF ARCHITECTURE: A view of the leaning tower and of a portion of the cathedral. The latter was erected after the great naval victory of the Pisans near Palermo in 1063, and is built of white marble in the Tuscan-Romanesque style

TEMPORARILY SHORN OF ITS BEAUTY: The flight of steps leading straight up to the first storey of the tower, which has been installed for the convenience of visitors while the work of restoration is in progress

Saving the Leaning Tower of Pisa

Grouting the Foundations with Cement to Check the Subsidence

The campanile of Pisa Cathedral, known to the world as "The Leaning Tower," has been continuing its inclination with increasing rapidity, and a short while ago it seemed in imminent danger of collapse.

Effective measures have now been taken, however, and the Milan firm of Rodio has been entrusted with the task of pumping out the water from the foundations and forcing in cement under high pressure. It is now almost certain that this expedient will prove successful, and it seems probable that centuries hence the famous tower will still be attracting tourists from all parts of the globe. The campanile, which is 179 ft. high, and is constructed throughout of marble, was begun by the architect Bonnanus of Pisa in 1174, and was completed over 170 years later by Tomaso Pisano.

The question whether the tower's peculiarity was accidental or intentional has frequently been the subject of controversy, but it is now generally acknowledged that the foundations on the south side sank while the building operations were in progress, and that from the third storey upwards this was counterbalanced by an intentional inclination of the structure in the opposite direction.

When measured in 1829, the tower was $15\frac{1}{2}$ ft. out of the perpendicular, in 1910 it was $16\frac{1}{2}$ ft., and of recent times it has taken on a further list at the rate of about a millimetre a year. The foundations are said to be not more than 10 ft. deep; a circumstance which makes it easy to understand why the fabric has proved so unstable.

Few tourists visit the campanile without hearing the famous story of how Galileo propounded the revolutionary theory that all falling bodies, great or small, descend with the same velocity, and proved its correctness by a series of simple experiments conducted from the summit of the leaning tower in the presence of the angry unbelieving professors of Pisa University.

PISA CATHEDRAL seen through the columns of one of the arcades of the tower

FRAGONARD
AS A YOUNG MAN

A Little-known and Hitherto Unpublished Self-portrait by the Brilliant French Colourist of the Eighteenth Century

This striking example of the art of Jean Honoré Fragonard has recently been acquired by M. Carlos de Beistegui, a well-known collector of portraiture, from M. Cailleux, an authority on eighteenth-century French painting. There is no doubt of the authenticity of the work and, although it was exhibited once in 1885, it has never before been reproduced in any paper. Fragonard was born at Grasse, in 1732; as a young man he studied under Boucher and Chardin, and at the age of twenty succeeded in winning the Prix de Rome. He owes his reputation to the exquisite pictures in which he portrayed the amours and intrigues of the French Court and, according to one critic, made acceptable by his genius subjects that might have been considered of doubtful taste from the brush of any other artist

The Story of Fidgety Philip

Another Extract from THE GUINNESS STRUWWELPETER
or Pretty Stories and Funny Pictures

Fidgety Phil
He wouldn't sit still;
He grumbled,
And mumbled,
And then, I declare,
Flew into a temper
And tilted his chair—
"Philip! What's the matter now?
"No good kicking up a row,"
Philip answered (oh, how rude!)
"I've no appetite for food;
Dinners such as Mother serves
Simply get upon my nerves!"

Poor Mamma was most distressed—
"Well, I'm sure I do my best!"
But Papa said, "Fiddle-sticks!
Let me deal with Philip's tricks;
I know what will soon put right
Both his nerves and appetite."

On the morrow, sure as fate,
A Guinness stood by Philip's plate.
Tempted by its creamy head,
Philip drank it up, and said,
"If each day I could but get a
Glass of *this*, I'd soon be better.
For a month, dear parents, pray
Give me Guinness every day!"

* * *

Now how's Philip, how is he?
Simply flourishing, you see!
What a gratifying sight
To see so keen an appetite!
As for "nerves," the very word
Seems to Philip quite absurd.
His Papa and his Mamma
Look at him, and say, "Aha!
Now you see your elders knew
What was really good for you!"

HOW NOW, SIR WALTER? A coolly-clad rider in the Row whose costume, though it would delight the many, would certainly arouse the adverse criticism of Sir Walter Gilbey—stickler for sartorial correctitude

NOW THAT SPRING IS HERE

SHORTS FOR THE COURTS: Phyllis Konstam, film-star wife of H. W. Austin, and Jill Esmond, the well-known actress, going out to play a practice game of tennis at Wimbledon

Master Roderick Millington, who enjoyed his first day in the hunting field, at a recent meet of the Fernie at Bushby, near Leicester

YOUTH IN THE SADDLE

d

MODERN

Up-to-date Theat
and Department
Japanese M

TOKYO'S LATEST AND LARGEST CINEMA which has recently been completed to meet the rapidly-growing demand for film entertainment. There are now about twenty production studios in Japan, and every year they produce hundreds of historical dramas for the country's thousands of cinemas. Strict censorship is in force and anything inclined to be *risqué* is debarred

ON THE BROADWAY OF THE IMPERIAL CAPITAL: An
floodlit buildings in the city. It is solidly construct
Occidental place of e

EVIDENCE OF WESTERNIZATION

A modern department store in the Ginza—the city's principal shopping thoroughfare, which outstrips all the other streets in its cosmopolitanism

ALPHABETICAL COMPLICATIONS: Schoolchildren, in the
typewriting to fit themselves to take posts in offices a
extremely cumbersome as it has 3,000 ideographs, an
the alphabet were Romanized a great

N TOKYO

eatres, Cinemas, nt Stores in the Metropolis

Another new cinema, one of scores of brilliantly tructed, and in general plan is very similar to an of entertainment

THE TAKARAZUKA GEKIJYO: One of three large new theatres built in the city during the past few years. Note the armoured car, possibly a relic of the recent Sino-Japanese War, on exhibition at the main entrance

he top form of a Tokyo Primary School, learning to master the art of es after the completion of their education. The Japanese typewriter is s, and it is capable of catering only for a strictly limited vocabulary. If reat deal of unnecessary time and labour would be saved

A party of small boys, dressed in the costumes of the old Samurai (military caste), celebrating the anniversary of the founding of the Japanese nation

A NATIONAL BIRTHDAY

HE WANTS TO KNOW WHY: Mr. Oscar Johnston (right), President Roosevelt's cotton adviser, who has come to England to prepare a report on the decline in the consumption of American-grown cotton. He is seen here with Mr. Edward A. Foley, the Agricultural attaché to the United States Embassy

Britain Teaches Japan How to Spin

COTTON

And Japan with her Cut-Price Products Becomes a Serious Competitor

By CHARLES GRAVES

The other day in Lancashire, so the story goes, they had a whist drive. The first prize was a motor bicycle. The second prize was a cotton mill. There was also a third prize. The runner-up complained bitterly that he was not allowed to have the option of taking the third prize instead of the second prize. This was a bottle of whisky. The parable has some justification. Nearly half the cotton mills in Lancashire are out of work, and it looks as though they may remain idle for the rest of eternity. The tragedy of it is that the cotton industry metaphorically cut its own throat a few years ago. Spindle manufacturers in this country, seeing the possibility of the sale of their products in Japan, sent out mill operatives to demonstrate to possible clients, and to form a nucleus of staff acting also as instructors. Unfortunately the Japanese proved very quick learners. The spindle manufacturers naturally thought of their sales in terms of engineering rather than of spinning, and the damage was done.

In 1935 Japanese competition is growing more acute every day. Shirts, socks—everything that can be made with cotton is being manufactured in gigantic quantities and dumped all over the world at cut prices. This is particularly so in China and India, which used to be the two chief markets for the export of Lancashire cotton goods. It is not surprising that China should buy from Japan, for though there is little love lost between the two races, it is only human to buy from across the street (so to speak) than to go to the next town. The cost of the freight from Liverpool to the Far East is heavy. In addition to that there is the old story of the difference in the standards of living between Lancashire mill girls, who are paid anything from 35s. to 50s. a week compared with the half-guinea a week which is all that the Japanese mill operative receives, and on which, with his predilection for a plate of rice, he can subsist quite comfortably.

Measured in units of 1,000,000 square yards, Japanese export of cotton was just over 2,000 in 1932, and in 1934 was well over 2,500. In the United Kingdom the export of cotton was well over 2,000 in 1932, and in 1934 fell to below 2,000. Another disaster to Lancashire has been the triumph of rayon. Rayon goods are very largely competitive with cotton goods, and the same factors have operated in the Japanese products sweeping most of the poorer markets of the world. A third tragedy for Lancashire has been the tariffs put up in Bombay and other parts of India against imports of English cotton goods in order to stimulate local industries. Furthermore, the hope that the rise in the value of silver would increase the purchasing power of China and India, where it is the chief currency, did not materialize for some reason.

Yet another blow to the Lancashire cotton industry in view of the existing cost of their products because of the standard of living, has been the American Government's bolstering up of cotton prices. By their farm administration policy the American crop last year was heavily restricted, and a loan (to all intents and purposes this means a subsidy) of 12 cents per lb. of cotton raised was given to the farmers. This has kept the price pegged at about 13 cents per lb. There is this to be said for it, that other countries—in particular Brazil—have greatly increased their crops in order to take advantage of the artificially high prices maintained for the American cotton crop. Despite all this the world consumption of cotton is going down.

INDUSTRIAL TRAGEDY: A scene of desolation in one of the nine Burnley mills where over 3,000 men recently went on strike. Discord between employer and employee is only one of the factors contributing to the decline of Lancashire's cotton industry

INDIA'S COTTON-CLAD MILLIONS: Once they wore the products of the Lancashire mills; to-day the Bombay factories largely supply the demand

To the majority of the public, however, cotton is chiefly of interest as being one of the commodities in which future dealings take place. As I said recently in THE SPHERE, the Liverpool cotton market is the most powerful and well regulated commodity market in the world. The price is fixed every week and so there is no danger of the wild speculation evident in the recent pepper crisis. In this last three weeks many people must have taken a bad view of commodity dealing. It has been made to look as though it were merely a gamble comparable with horse-racing, and reprehensible because it endangered the reasonable interests of the community.

Actually, when a commodity is so well protected as is cotton in the Liverpool Cotton Exchange, the existence of commodity future markets is of the greatest importance to the safety and continued existence of any business involving production, marketing, manufacturing, and distribution. This was clearly illustrated in the United States during the general depression. Many old-established concerns dealing in other lines were forced to close their doors because of the shrinkage in value of their inventory. These heavy inventory losses could have been almost entirely avoided in the case of commodities for which there was a futures market.

For they could have eliminated risk of commodity ownership and protected themselves by means of the price insurance afforded by the future contract markets. The object of an organised commodity exchange such as the Liverpool cotton market is to provide a suitable place for buyers and sellers to meet to adopt standards of classification and to maintain a uniformity in the usages of the business.

The passing of a commodity like cotton through the usual channels of trade from the grower in, let us say, Savannah, to the ultimate consumer in China, is highly complicated. This is particularly the case when the commodity is an agricultural product harvested in various parts of the world at about the same time. Which is further emphasised when the producing centre, such as Lancashire, is a long way away from the cotton fields and the retail shop.

The chief object of a commodity exchange like the Liverpool cotton market is to prevent as far as possible any speculative risk to the producer, merchant, and manufacturer while the cotton is roving through the usual channels of trade. Its second object is to enable them to handle the cotton on a much smaller margin of profit than would be possible unless the futures marked enabled them to hedge. If the exchange did not exist everyone engaged in the production, sale, or manufacture of cotton would be forced temporarily to assume complete ownership. This elimination of the risk of possible loss through price fluctuation leaves only the expectation of a normal working profit.

Another advantage of a futures market is that it enables the commodity in which it deals to enjoy a preferential position in banking circles since it is guaranteed a degree of insurance and protection against price changes not otherwise obtainable. Thus it will be seen that one of the few bright spots in the cotton outlook is the high position held in the world of commerce by the Liverpool Cotton Exchange.

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HUNTING TURTLES IN THE SOUTH SEAS

The Primitive but Effective Method of Capture Employed by the Natives of San Christoval

THE HUNT IS UP: Natives of San Christoval, one of the islands in the Solomon group, paddling out in their canoes to round up the turtles that have gathered on the reef to chew seaweed. As soon as they sight their prey they form a ring and rapidly converge towards the centre—at the same time beating the water furiously with their oars and uttering loud cries

A SUBMARINE BATTLE: *Left*—The man lying in the bows of his canoe is trying to locate a turtle that has taken refuge beneath the water. *Right*—A native diving into the sea where he will attempt to put a rope round his quarry and so make it possible for one of his assistants to turn the turtle on to its back and render it helpless. This is by no means easy as the creatures fight desperately with their sharp claws

RETURN IN TRIUMPH: *Left*—Hauling a captured turtle into a canoe after the under-water struggle. *Right*—Placing their prize in an enclosure of mangrove sticks, where it is kept in captivity until the next festive occasion when, at an elaborate banquet, it forms the principal item on the menu. The above pictures were taken during a recent expedition to the Solomon group led by Dr. Hugo Adolf Bernatzik of Vienna, and were obtained with considerable difficulty as the natives at first proved hostile and suspicious

ROOSEVELT AND THE UNIONS

The United States President Makes a Bold Stand Against the American Federation of Labour and Refuses to Pay High Wages for Relief Work

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT and organized labour have come to the parting of the ways. That was implicit in Roosevelt's appointment of Frances Perkins to be secretary of labour at the time he was inaugurated, although the President did not recognize it. The American Federation of Labour desperately protested that appointment, because Madam Secretary was not a henchman of William Green, the American Federation of Labour president, and the American Federation of Labour has never been amenable to any suggestion save that it receive everything that it wanted on precisely its own terms. Since then Madam Secretary has largely identified her principle and practice with the aims and aspirations of union labour . . . or 10 per cent. of the labour in the United States . . . while Roosevelt has discovered that he cannot continue to play with union labour and be the President of all the people. He has come face to face, at last, with the problem of unorganized labour, and, to his everlasting credit, he is facing the issue.

It has been the President's position from the start that everyone in the United States is in the same boat. He has opposed the soldiers' bonus because he has set his face against special consideration for any individual or any group, no matter how richly deserved, in the face of a national emergency. He has tried to deal with J. P. Morgan and William Green on the same basis; and it is still a fact that no one in the United States has questioned the integrity either of his character or his purpose. An aristocrat of aristocrats, a man too wealthy to be interested in adding to his fortune, a man with an unblemished record of disinterested public service, a man with nothing to gain in the office of the presidency except honour, he has escaped all of the insinuations and innuendoes which dissenting Americans commonly hurl at their President. But he has met at every turn the limitations of the self-centred.

Neither American big business nor American organized labour is aware that there is a depression. Each seeks to serve the end it pursued in the years immediately prior to 1929—unlimited aggrandizement. Each fails to realize any obligation to sacrifice for the good of the country. To their credit, that cannot be said of all American big business men, although some of them have disgraced themselves for ever. But the persistent policy of the American Federation of Labour indicates that, as an organization, regardless of what individual enlightenment and consecration there may be within its ranks, it cannot be counted upon to co-operate for the furtherance of the common good.

The unconquerable testimony to the truth of this position is in the attitude of Donald Richberg since he was elevated to the chieftainship of the National Emergency Council. Richberg, who has more power than General Hugh Johnson ever aspired to, and more power than anyone in the United States save Roosevelt himself, was for years legal counsel to union labour. When big business learned that Roosevelt had named him, it trembled in its boots. It would be too much to say that big business is now overjoyed at the Richberg appointment, because Richberg cannot be swayed from conviction; but it is not too much to say that organized labour wishes he had never been born.

The National Recovery Administration was predicated on Roosevelt's belief that the American Federation of Labour would co-operate. It was abandoned when he was convinced that it would not. Even after it was reasonably well established that big business could not destroy the right of labour to bargain collectively, even though it might frequently delay or frustrate the exercise of that right, it remained perfectly clear that the American Federation of Labour, like the reactionary elements in big business, did not understand the meaning of the word "bargain." It understood only the terms which it might dictate.

There has never been any tenable place for such an attitude in this country since the collapse of 1929. There has never been any moment since then when accommodation and agreement were not imperative, even though they have not always been forthcoming. It may or may not be a sad state of affairs, but a considerable section of big business has adjusted itself to this state of affairs, although big business still contains within its ranks a large number of stupid irreconcilables, precisely as does the American Federation of Labour.

That is why the whole course of American recovery must be recharted, after two years of enormous emergency expenditures. That is why the determination of how to spend the new relief budget is still hanging in the balance.

What the President wants to do next, in the light of his experience, is perfectly clear. He wants to put an end to anything resembling a dole, except in the case of those who are unable to work. He wants all work to go forward on worth-while projects of enduring value. But he wants the wage paid to be low enough to induce any man to leave his relief job as soon as he can obtain work in a private enterprise.

The labour unions have fought him bitterly on the last issue. They have demanded that, in each locality, the wage paid for relief shall equal the prevailing union labour wage paid in that locality for the same kind of work. At this writing, the prevailing wage clause has been written into the relief bill by the Senate. Some of the men who voted for it are undoubtedly sincere. They have long records of union labour sympathy behind them. But many of the men who voted for it did so only to embarrass the President as much as possible. They are Republicans, with long records of anti-union sentiment behind them, and their vote manifestly did not reflect their well-known convictions. The President will therefore not find it easy to break away from the labour unions.

The difficulty in which Roosevelt now finds himself, and it is the greatest difficulty he has faced, proceeds from two conditions. The first is that the people are no longer willing to approve, as they once did, his autocratic powers. Congress is being flooded with letters objecting to giving the President absolute control of relief funds, and, although thousands of these are inspired by the American Federation of Labour, they reflect a growing and significant tendency. The second is that the American people in the main now want a much more radical programme than Roosevelt will ever consent to.

The sad truth is that the bulk of the American people have reached the point at which they are ready for almost any kind of quack remedy, provided only that it calls for a sufficiently large disbursement of government funds. The support for the Townsend old-age pension plan, calling for a pension of 200 dollars a month to each person over sixty years old, is astounding. The persistent demand for inflation is equally incredible. It will require all of the President's genius to stem the tide of cheap and easy thinking that threatens to engulf the country.

N. S.

MODERN WEAPONS OF WAR IN A MEDIEVAL LAND: Abyssinian infantry, equipped with rifles, dispersing after a parade

THE ABYSSINIAN WAR CLOUD

The Emperor of Ethiopia's Well-equipped Forces Present a Formidable Obstacle to Any Foreign Invader

THE eyes of the world are being focussed on that strip of country on the Red Sea coast where Italy is busily massing her troops, with the threat of an advance into the mountain kingdom of Ethiopia. The question therefore arises, what manner of people are these Abyssinians, and what is the nature of their country? For Abyssinia is, more or less, a closed country, and comparatively few Europeans penetrate into its fastnesses.

If you, as an ordinary traveller, conceived the desire to visit Addis Ababa, the Abyssinian capital, and explore its surroundings, you would board one of the Messageries Maritimes steamers which ply between Marseilles and Madagascar, and step off at Jibuti, in French Somaliland. There you would take the little train which takes some three days to climb along the single line to your destination, some 780 miles inland. And you would be surprised to find that every train carried its armed guard.

The Italians in Eritrea have constructed a road into Abyssinia from their port of Massowa, but the railway is really the only satisfactory way of penetrating Abyssinia, unless the journey is done on foot across thirsty stretches of barren terrain.

For Abyssinia is practically enclosed by a ring of high mountains, whose precipitous slopes make the country difficult to approach by means other than the railway, and there are practically no roads in Abyssinia itself, outside the capital. For these reasons, military operations against Abyssinia must present very serious problems.

And what of the people of Abyssinia? It would be a mistake to assume that Abyssinians are all alike. The very name is from the Arabic "Habesh," meaning "mixture," which is an indication of the mixed nature of the population. The Abyssinians proper are brown, well-formed people of Semitic stock, hailing originally from the other side of the Red Sea. They are divisible into four groups —the Gallas in the south, Shoans in the central districts, Tigrians in the north, and Danakils in the east. There are also numerous Jewish tribes, called Falashas, as well as Arabs, Indians, Somalis, and others of Bantu type. In all, the population of Ethiopia's 350,000 square miles is about 8,000,000.

The Abyssinians generally have not taken very kindly to the advance of Western civilization. They are still unsettled and nomadic, and constantly at war with one another. The vast bulk still live in their primitive native conditions, and display no eagerness to build houses and don suits of clothes. It is true that the Ethiopians have been Christians for some 1,500 years, but their Christianity is still mixed with pagan customs, and slave trading is by no means extinct.

Nevertheless, the visitor will find the Abyssinians a pleasant if indolent people. They are for the most part good-looking and have a proud bearing; but, of course, war can alter many things, and the beating of the war drums may easily revive their fierce and cruel if courageous qualities.

In the ordinary way a small standing force is maintained in each province, but in time of war the chiefs are expected to contribute to the national defence, and the army may thereby be raised to 250,000 men, provided with rifles and artillery, and largely composed of cavalry drawn from the famous horsemen of Galla.

These mountain fighters, operating in their own difficult terrain, and in such vast numbers, present a formidable obstacle to any advance from the outside, as Italy has already found to her cost. It was in 1896 that an Italian army took the field against the Abyssinians, only to meet with disaster at Adowa, when their total losses amounted to over 10,000 men. This was a lesson that Italy cannot have forgotten.

To-day, of course, conditions have undergone a vast change. A modern Italian army, equipped with aircraft, would doubtless give a better account of itself than did the forces under General Baratieri nearly forty years ago, and though the Abyssinian army would still be formidable in point of numbers, its equipment must fall a long way below the latest standards. Moreover, the entire lack of anything in the shape of modern commissariat would prevent a large force keeping the field for long.

The Galla horsemen, however, are probably amongst some of the finest in the world. They are brave and inured to hardships, and constitute an ideal striking force. The Abyssinians as a whole are a fighting race, and have had plenty of experience in their own particular type of warfare, and despite various expedients adopted by European Powers in the past with a view to limiting the import of arms, the Abyssinians seem to have had no difficulty in securing enough rifles and ammunition for their huge potential army.

There are, then, all the ingredients for future trouble in and around Ethiopia, and for the moment both the Ras Tafari and Signor Mussolini seem to have forgotten all about the treaty of perpetual friendship between Abyssinia and Italy that was signed at Addis Ababa in 1923.

R. A. B.

AT THE SAVILLE: Louise Brown, the young ballerina, who is at present playing in *Jill Darling*—the musical comedy starring Frances Day and Arthur Riscoe

DRAMA: By PRINCESS PAUL TROUBETZKOY

Well Acted Plays that have Failed to Stay the Course: "Cornelius"—a Theatrical Event in a Dull Week: Colman as Clive

PLAYS in the London theatres, at the present moment, seem to be far more inclined to come "off" than "on"!

About two or three months ago managers, backers, authors, producers, and actors were tearing their garments and wailing, with metaphorical ashes upon their heads, that their particular productions were doomed to indefinite postponement.

They said, bitterly, since every West End theatre was booked for some eternally running play, hope of putting on anything new was futile!

Some of the plays which were running before and since the pantomime still, as predicted, continue; but where, I should so much like to know where, is all that dormant genius which was, two months or so ago, condemned to postponement? For there is at the moment plenty of room for it!

Of the quite few plays which have been produced this year very few have stayed the course. *Ringmaster's* short run is an instance of this, as well as *Glory Be* ——, both well acted, serious plays, worthy of attention which quite obviously theatregoers were not prepared to pay. Perhaps this year managements have been experimenting; perhaps their interpretation of popular demand in entertainment has been wrong; varying reasons have been given verbally and in the Press, but the fact remains that of the majority of plays presented only three or four have proved acceptable to those who pay to see them.

The Dominant Sex.—Recently a well-known critic suggested that there was a dearth of young actresses able to sustain an interesting role, and that playwrights are in consequence concentrating upon good acting parts for male characters; consequently modern plays are less appealing. That is intriguing as an argument and possibly true. In *Love on the Dole* Wendy Hiller romped home and, although it is not every part which would suit her vigorous youth, we have a discovery in her as an actress capable of great interpretation. But how often has that happened recently? Perhaps we shall have another example in Mr. Keith Winter's come-back after *Ringmaster*, *Worse Things Happen at Sea*, opening at the St. James's. A young girl, Ena Burrill, plays the juvenile lead, and may prove another Wendy Hiller. She is Argentine born, brought up in South Africa, and has been playing leads in the Liverpool Repertory Company for two years. I am told that Mr. Cochran has been keeping her up his sleeve, as it were, for nearly a year, for a play which he has now decided to postpone. She has been snatched, as it were, from under his and Mr. Priestley's nose, for she has been playing in *Duet in Floodlight* and Mr. Priestley had hoped she would continue when this new play of his is produced in London.

Mr. Priestley's Latest.—The production of his *Cornelius* was a theatrical event in a dull week.

Whatever comment I can make upon Mr. Priestley's play must be quite obviously wrong. If I praise it, it becomes obvious that I dare do nothing else. Who am I to criticise? I must acknowledge, with or without my natural diffidence, that no one will consider any criticism I can make upon any play of such authorship.

By which I mean that in the world of letters Mr. Priestley may truly say, "I am Sir Oracle, and when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"

So since I can neither criticise nor praise there can be only my own private and personal impression and that was, great be my shame, that I was bored to tears.

Mr. Priestley puts on to the stage a slice of exactly ordinary life. Life as it is lived by hundreds and thousands of men and women. He shows exactly, almost pedantically, the normal reactions and emotions, gestures and movements, of all the people with whom we come in contact, wherever we go.

Most of the people with whom we come in contact bore us to tears. We put up with them. We may love them, we may hate them, possibly we ignore them, but we are so used to them that there is no novelty in them. They have no glamour for us; we cannot get away from ourselves in the modern desire to escape by living momentarily in the lives of others.

When we are bored with ourselves we want distraction. Mr. Priestley, in *Cornelius*, holds in front of us a picture which, to us, is already too familiar.

Cornelius, very carefully played by Ralph Richardson, has the complete office equipment of ledgers, desks, secretaries, office-boy, and telephones, etc., but an absent partner and, even more absent, possibilities of future business.

In great depression he prepares for a meeting of his firm's creditors to discuss the best method of dealing with impending insolvency.

Victoria Hopper, as a deputising secretary, arrives, crisply and unexpectedly, to complicate the staff's loyalty to Cornelius; she moves to her absent sister's desk and commences a train of thought in the mind of Cornelius, which since he is a bachelor, and heartfree, is understandable.

His business worries, in consequence, are offset to some extent, and he proceeds to wind up the company when the absent partner returns in time for the meeting.

Harcourt Williams as the partner gave a striking performance. As he complained of the two mythical men who followed him and his fear of poisoned food, when he appealed to Cornelius, in the apparent flash of sanity for praise, in that by his eccentricity he had relieved them both of the presence of the creditors, he was utterly convincing.

His suicide was the more feasible since he showed that though insane, he was aware of it, and his fear in that awareness conquered his desire for further existence.

Cornelius, faced with the closing down of his business, toys with the thought of solving further problems by the example set him by his partner.

He writes the letter, presumably to the coroner, despite the charwoman's interruptions, locks the door, gets out the revolver.

Then, just as he is about to pull the trigger of the revolver comes the will-of-the-wisp of hope beckoning from "round the corner."

The music of a cinema?—dance-hall?—some place of amusement opposite his abandoned office, steals through the quiet. The illuminated letters of its advertisement sign reflect on the bare wall.

To Cornelius comes the idea that life, however difficult, must be better than death.

So as he has locked the door he throws the revolver through its glass pane so that he can open it to let himself out, into the world, back to life.

A brave gesture. Good theatre! And rather unexpected!

"Clive of India" at the Tivoli both pleased and dissatisfied me. There are all the elephants and dancing girls and bazaars and local colour, as well as glimpses of silk-clad potentates with gleaming jewels.

But Ronald Colman, who plays Clive, in a foreword on the programme announces that he has attempted to portray Clive as a human being, for, he maintains, "great men should be pictured on the screen with the same forthright truth as they are now revealed in books."

Doubtless Mr. Colman is right, but his performance, though more historically accurate than is customary in an historical production, leaves out the side of Clive's character which must have contributed much of the contrast in a life which now seems romantic, but was probably frightful.

Clive in the film is handsome, debonair, reckless, and valiant with successful gambling with chance. There are moments when he complains of pain in his head, but the meaning of such pain is totally eliminated, and there is no hint of the tragedy of lunacy to which that pain led. His suicidal fits are so lightly touched upon that the physical weakness, irritated by the Indian climate which must have been their cause, seems only youthful bravado.

Also to my mind, if there is the intention to picture the cruelty of native rule as Clive's justification in this glamorous whitewashing, there should be more than that swift glimpse of the Black Hole of Calcutta, which conveyed nothing at all of the horror which drove Clive on to an avenging, and shook England to the core.

NOISES OFF: The boy scout chorus in *Young England*—the highly successful melodrama which has returned to the Kingsway Theatre following the conclusion of its run at the Piccadilly. The barracking has now developed to such an extent that for minutes on end it is often impossible to hear a word that is said on the stage, and in the scene depicted here the audience is so well drilled that it can speak every line ahead of the players. London has never before witnessed such an amazing spectacle

BARRACKERS shouting their carefully-prepared witticisms at the players during the last night of *Young England* at the Piccadilly Theatre

HISTORY on the SCREEN

Robert Clive and Marie Louise in Two New Pictures

POSING AS A PERSONAGE: Robert Clive (played by Ronald Colman), the unknown clerk in the service of the East India Company, boldly walks through the streets of Madras with one of the giant umbrellas which it was the prerogative of only the higher officials to carry. A scene from *Clive of India*, the new Twentieth Century picture that was presented at the Tivoli on Thursday of last week

THE CONQUEROR: Robert Clive rides in triumph through the streets of Calcutta after his overwhelming victory over the Hindus under Surajah Dowlah at the Battle of Plassey—a success that laid the foundations of our Empire in India

HERO AND HEROINE: Ronald Colman as Clive of India and Loretta Young as Margaret Maskelyne—the girl with whom he fell in love on seeing her miniature and to whom he proposed by letter

"SO ENDED A GREAT LOVE": The Duke of Modena (Willy Forst) hands to Marie Louise (Paula Wessely), the woman he adores, a letter from Napoleon in which the Emperor asks her to be his wife. A moving episode from the historical film at the Curzon Cinema. The original letter, which was recently bought for the French nation, reads as follows: *My dear Cousin,—The brilliant qualities that distinguish your person have inspired us with the desire to serve and honour you by approaching the Emperor, your father, with the request that he shall entrust to us the happiness of your Imperial Highness. May we hope that the feelings which prompt us to take this step will be acceptable to you? May we flatter ourselves with the belief that you will not be guided solely by the duty of obeying your parents? Should the feelings of your Imperial Highness be partial to us, we would cultivate them so carefully and strive so constantly to please you in every way, that we flatter ourselves with the hope of succeeding some day in winning your regard; such is the aim we would fain encompass and in respect of which we beg your Highness to favour us. Whereupon, my cousin, we pray God to have you in his Holy and Worthy keeping.*

Rambouillet,
February 23, 1810

Your Good Cousin,
Napoleon

Right—Ena Morena as the tragic Empress Josephine in another scene from *So Ended a Great Love* at the Curzon

THE WORLD OF BOOKS: Reviewed by VERNON FANE

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., labels America's "Smart-Set" as a Collection of Dreary Snobs: Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton Write a History of Brighton

TRADITION, birth, privilege, money—above all money—the book of snobs is much the same whether it is written in urbane acerbities by William Makepeace Thackeray or in the confidential gossip-column style of a scion of the house of Vanderbilt. Of course, money isn't everything—oh, dear no—always provided you have it, and the man who made it for your family is a generation or two away.

As Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, jun., reveals in FAREWELL TO FIFTH AVENUE (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.), the Fifth Avenue-Newport-Union-Club-New-York-Yacht-Club set in America is as tough a collection of snobs as could be found in both hemispheres.

"As money goes in America, theirs is aged-in-the-wood money, made in railroads, banking, tobacco, and cotton, years before the Battle of Gettysburg. . . . They never gambled on margin . . . they salted away the bulk of their inherited fortunes in Government bonds and cash, and they did not wait for the official announcement of the fall of the gold standard to begin their flight from the dollar."

It is easier for a newly-rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than enter the portals of one of their clubs. Do I remember that they used to be called the Four Hundred? Mr. Vanderbilt puts the number at seventy-five, with another hundred and fifty on "the Outer Fringe."

Now it must be remembered that young Mr. Vanderbilt fell out with his powerful family at an early age, principally because he wanted to earn his own living; mostly because he became a journalist. "That's awful," frowned Mr. Morgan (J. Pierpont). "A journalist usually winds up by either becoming a chronic drunkard or by remaining a journalist. I do not know which is worse."

They gave him a very bad time; they gave him hell. In this book he hands it back, with interest.

Dreary, dull, stiff-necked, cruel; these are the mildest of their faults. According to him they are bad patriots and cowards; precipitating a flight from the dollar from the meanest of personal motives; hysterically barricading houses and provisioning yachts under full steam and ready to put to sea, for fear of revolution. As for their sportsmanship, here is his comment on the Vanderbilt-Sopwith tussle for the America's Cup in 1934.

"There is no doubt whatsoever in my mind but that my cousin fouled his foe during the third race . . . Whatever it is that should have been done right after the third race, the night of the last race tore the mask off Newport's face. It is an ugly, mean face. A Tenth Avenue bounder would hesitate before risking his fist against its hardness."

It is apparent, then, that the author has set out in this book to give his family and their friends a square kick in the pants, but the reviewer who leaves it there does not do him justice. This Junior Vanderbilt is a very serious young man with a purpose behind his attacks. He is, moreover, a good journalist, and having been privileged to meet not only the great figures of his own country but emperors, kings, popes, dictators, prime ministers and statesmen from everywhere else, he knows how to make entertainment from his contacts with them. He is also an ardent Rooseveltian, a New Dealer, and a believer in "the brave, grim men who are about to smile again. Of a country rescued in the nick of time. Of a future less sinful, if less glamorous, than the past."

I cannot help liking a man of such uncompromising hatreds and enthusiasms.

BRIGHTON, by Osbert Sitwell and Margaret Barton (Faber. 15s.), is the biography of a town, beginning with the straggling collection of fishermen's cottages from which Charles II set sail for France, tracing its rise as a seaside resort through the glories of the Regency to the comfortable supremacy of its Victorian splendours.

Naturally it is His Majesty King George IV whose life and times fill the better part of this story. Which brings me back to Thackeray. Say the biographers:—

"The story of King George is the story of Brighton, and least of all in that town should a word be said against the monarch who so embellished it, who found it a village and, through his influence and example, left it a great town and, in effect, a capital.

"It was Thackeray, with his warped, middle-class outlook, poor, frightened, little mid-nineteenth century Thackeray, clinging to the raft of Victorian comfort and security, who first strained up to throw a boulder or two through the glittering, brittle windows of the Pavilion. . . . But how should Thackeray or Herbert Spencer presume to sit in judgment on one who had been brought up in such a different age . . .?"

Captain Sitwell and Miss Barton, on the other hand, declare him to be "A king who was entertaining and gay, and who preferred the company of wits to that of half-wits." Their judgment, we may take it, has no more presumption in it than that Thackeray's has been supported by most historians.

Rich material for a biographer is the story of Brighton, and for all the fine writing and the occasional omniscient sniffs (inseparable from Sitwelliana) it makes a bright and attractive book, for the rakes, roués, and riff-raff surrounding His Brightannic Majesty were lively enough to create a wealth of fact and fiction about themselves which never stales.

The stakes were £70,000, the runners the married members of a large family, the handicap only time itself, and the winner was to be the parent who, at the end of two years had produced the most children.

This unusual handicap race is the subject of Mr. Eric Linklater's new novel RIPENESS IS ALL (Jonathan Cape. 7s. 6d.), and it is, as you can imagine immensely entertaining, and not at all discreet.

Mr. Linklater is a wit, a real wit, and by that I do not mean a professional funny man, nor an author whose books yield pages of quotable jokes. He is something just as admirable, and a good deal more subtle; an observer of life, or human relationships, as you choose to call it, whose quick mind translates his observations into wit, and whose outlook is distinguished more for its satire than its sympathy.

In this case the story itself is good, the pace, as befits the theme, rapid though not record-breaking. And there are, of course, some moments in the book for which only Mr. Linklater could be responsible, and for which his readers are duly grateful.

Mr. Linklater has, among other virtues, that of suggesting the topical scene without being tedious. ". . . fearing and disliking passion, he was the more ready to believe in its existence; he was credulous of the world's vice, as a Fascist of Communist plots."

REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD: Robert Gathorne-Hardy whose new novel, *Coronation Baby*, has just been published by Messrs. W. Collins, Sons, and Co., Ltd. It is semi-autobiographical in form, and contains a brilliant sketch of the life of a small boy in Edwardian and early Georgian days

Drawn by Percy Horne

A BIT OF OLD LONDON PASSES: A sketch of the historic buildings in Marylebone Lane, off Oxford Street, which have recently been vacated by the famous bookselling firm of Bumpus and are now being demolished. In the centre of the block is the Watch House, an early eighteenth century police station, and in the foreground is the Old Court House which from 1825 onwards served as the Marylebone Town Hall. Messrs. Bumpus have now moved to 477, Oxford Street

Here is one of those stories about a young man whose work is turned down by unfeeling editors when he writes what he considers to be literature, and only accepted when he forces himself to conform to what he believes to be the magazine story standard.

In this case the story is autobiographical. "Light-hearted love stuff with a sympathetic heroine—that's what they want, I told myself, and set myself to give it them," writes Mr. Patrick Brand.

A GARRET IN CHELSEA (Geoffrey Bles. 8s. 6d.) is, however, as the title very clearly indicates, the story of Mr. Brand's struggles, not so much for recognition as for one square meal a day, during the time before he consented to write pot-boilers and when he was doing any odd jobs, from stevedore to a Number 3 theatrical tour in order to live at all.

It is worth reading as an unexaggerated and often humorous account of a year of misery. I found Mr. Brand's views a little irritating from time to time, but no one can deny his courage; and that, as we know, is the essential.

TIME OUT FOR ADVENTURE (Stanley Paul. 18s.) is "the story of two business men who became bored at reading of adventure and wanted a fling for themselves." So they set out for Mexico and a successful quest for excitement.

Mr. Leonidas W. Ramsey is an advertising man, and the author of this briskly told travel book; Mr. J. Anthony Kelly his travelling companion, and a gifted artist, to judge by the illustrations.

Although there is little of the pioneer spirit about the book, for there is not a great deal left to discover in modern Mexico, it has freshness, and a vigorous style which are not so usual as they should be in books of this type. The photographs are particularly interesting. I never knew, for instance, that a Mexican kitchen was so splendidly equipped!

Miss Diana Maugham comes of a family where excellent writing is a commonplace, and she probably owes the easiness of her style to this. Her plot—or at least the plot of her first novel, RHAPSODY IN GOLD (Ivor Nicholson and Watson. 7s. 6d.)—is not as easy to accept, but it is very readable, and well suited to the serial form.

Young writers are often a little pompous, but that is a fault which may even have disappeared by the time her next book is published, and that will be a book I shall read with interest.

A BOOK LIST

SAMPSON LOW.—"HUIC HOLLOA!" Being the Sporting Reminiscences of a Totally Unimportant Person by "Spider" Jacobson. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. FABER & FABER.—THE REIGN OF KING GEORGE THE FIFTH. An English Chronicle. By D. C. Somervell. 12s. 6d. JOCK OF THE ISLANDS. Early Days in the South Seas. The Adventures of John Cromar. Illustrated. 8s. 6d. ARTHUR BARKER LTD.—TOPPER TAKES A TRIP. By Thorne Smith. 7s. 6d. JONATHAN CAPE.—DAMNATION OF MR. ZINKLER. By Graham Sutton. 7s. 6d. FREDERICK MULLER LTD.—QUET'S. By Virginia and Frank Vernon. 7s. 6d. AFRICAN PASSAGE. By A. J. Reynolds. 7s. 6d. SELWYN & BLOUNT.—"JESUS WEPT." A commentary in black-and-white on ourselves and the world to-day. By Arthur Wragg. With an Introduction by Vernon Bartlett. 7s. 6d. MACMILLAN. — CREATION AND EVOLUTION IN PRIMITIVE COSMOGONIES AND OTHER PIECES. By Sir James George Frazer. 8s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—ONE HOUSE DIVIDED. By Prunella Beckett. 7s. 6d. COBDEN-SANDERSON.—STRANGE JOURNEY. By Maud Cairnes. 7s. 6d. GOING WEST. By James Bramwell. 7s. 6d. MORNING SHOWS THE DAY. By Helen Hull. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—MONKEY'S MONEY. By Mabel L. Tyrrell. 7s. 6d. DEATH IN FOUR LETTERS. By Francis Beeding. 7s. 6d. THE YOUNG WIFE'S PROGRESS. By R. J. White. 7s. 6d. JOHN HAMILTON LTD.—MURDER UPSTAIRS. By Adam Bliss. 7s. 6d. IVOR NICHOLSON & WATSON.—FORTY YEARS OF LIGHTS AND SHADES (A Bishop's Reflections on Life). By Bishop Welldon. 15s. THE DEATH WISH. By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—THE LIFE OF CHRISTINA OF SWEDEN. By Alfred Neumann. Illustrated. 18s. PILLION. By Cosmo Hamilton. 7s. 6d. VENTURES AND VISIONS. By George Garro Jones. Illustrated. 18s. TRIPLE CHALLENGE OR WAR: Whirligigs and Windmills. By Hugh Wansey Bayly, M.C. A doctor's memoirs of the years 1914 to 1929. Illustrated. 18s. JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD.—A STRANGER STILL. By Helen Ferguson. 7s. 6d. LUST FOR LIFE: The Novel of Vincent van Gogh. By Irving Stone. 8s. 6d. BEHIND THE SCENES OF GERMAN JUSTICE: Reminiscences of a German Barrister, 1882–1933. By Dr. Alfred Apfel. 6s. GEOFFREY BLES.—A GARRET IN CHELSEA. By Patrick Brand. 8s. 6d. MURDER MASQUERADE. By George Dilnot. 7s. 6d. MURDER IN MOTLEY. By David Whitelaw. 7s. 6d. MEN NEVER KNOW. By Vicki Baum. 7s. 6d. I GO WANDERING. By Florence Riddell. 8s. 6d. GEORGE ALLEN & UNWIN, LTD.—MOVED ON! FROM KASHGAR TO KASHMIR. By P. S. Nazariff. Rendered into English from the Russian Manuscript of the Author by Malcolm Burr. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. BUILDING A LITTLE SHIP. By W. H. Johnston. Illustrated. 6s. LOVAT DICKSON.—KHARTOUM TRAGEDY. By Marcus Maclaren. 7s. 6d.

RUSTIC CHARM: Anne Boleyn's cottage at Boreham, Essex, rendered even more picturesque by the spring blossom. It was recently announced that this lovely old-world home might be shipped to the United States by Mr. Henry Ford, but the Essex branch of the Council for the Preservation of Rural England is said to be taking steps to prevent its removal

In Rural England Now

YOUNG LAMBS DISPORTING THEMSELVES IN THE WARM SUNSHINE OF LATE MARCH: Some of the early arrivals this year were faced with particularly severe weather, but of late conditions have been much more favourable and the crop appears to have been well up to the average. Modern highly-fed varieties of sheep frequently have twins and occasionally triplets, but on a farm in Gloucestershire a ewe recently gave birth to six, five of which are strong and healthy. Another remarkable occurrence has also been reported from Staffordshire, where twenty-two three-year-old Kerry ewes have produced no less than fifty lambs, two of the ewes having quadruplets

SOME IDEAS for SILVER JUBILEE DÉCOR

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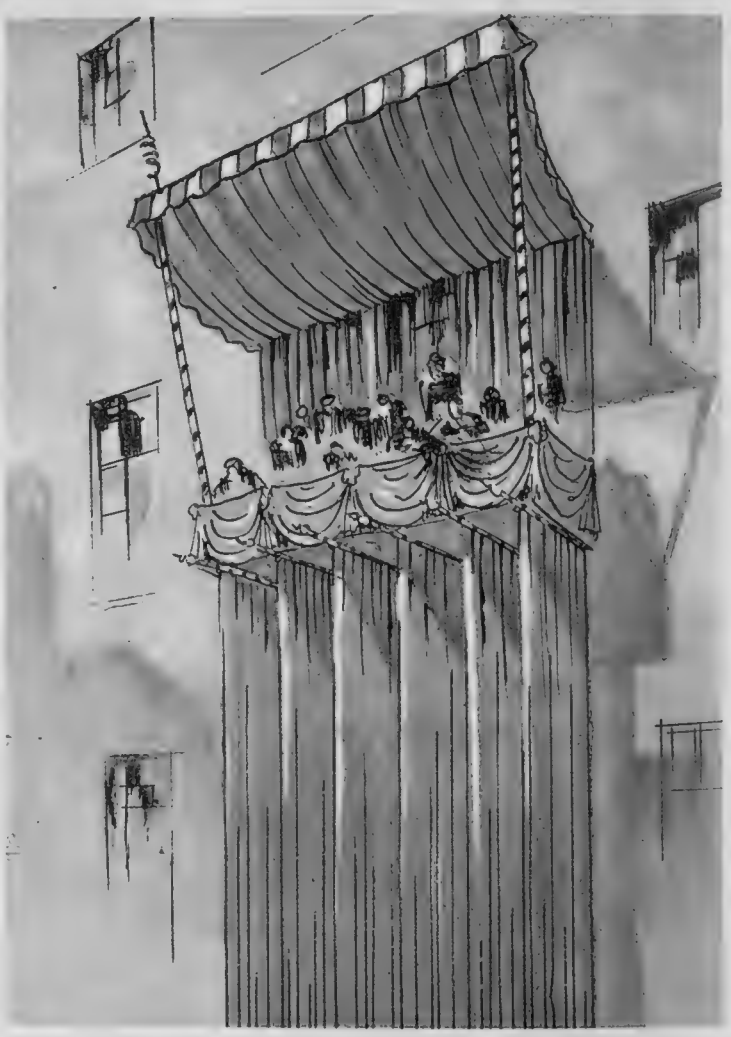
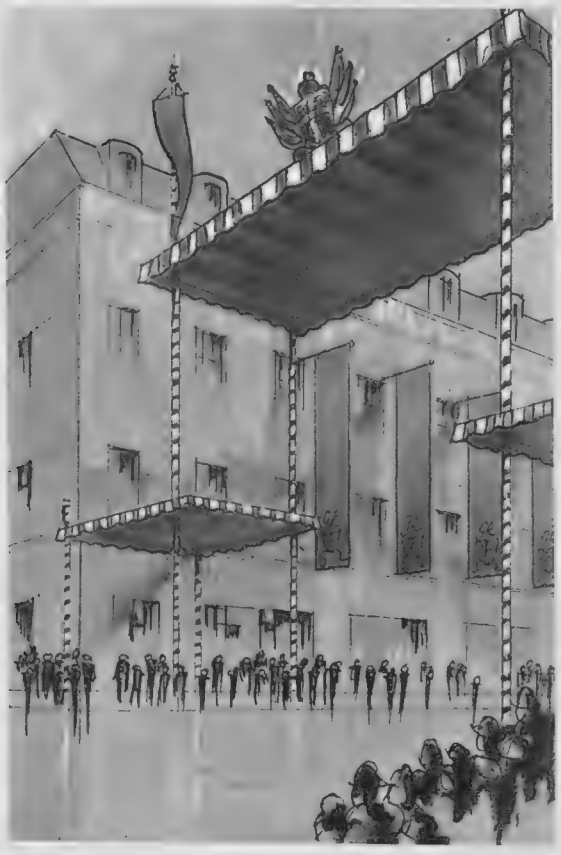
Giving the Streets a Festive Air During the Forthcoming Celebrations

A SUGGESTED SCHEME FOR LUDGATE CIRCUS: Here the railway bridge could be covered with draped material with the Royal Coat of Arms in the centre, and in front of this could be placed an awning supported by slender poles with gilded tops. This would enforce the idea that one was entering the St. Paul's area, the focal point of the celebrations on May 6





AN EFFECTIVE TREATMENT FOR A SIDE STREET CLOSED TO TRAFFIC AND ADJOINING ONE OF THE PROCESSIONAL ROUTES: An awning with striped palisades, and banners flying from the gilt-topped supporting poles

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Drawings specially made for THE SPHERE *by Hugh Casson*

FOR BUSINESS HOUSES: To give a note of colour to some of London's office buildings, balconies could be draped with scarlet and sheltered with an awning supported by projecting poles. Half-a-dozen banners hanging below would provide an even more finished effect

The question of providing street decorations during the Silver Jubilee celebrations, which is at present engaging the attention of the City and borough authorities, is one of the greatest interest, and the accompanying drawings are reproduced in order to show how effectively, yet simply, this work can be done.

In a letter published in *The Times* on February 19, Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson pleaded for some central control of the decorations, and his suggestion is now being acted upon. On March 12 Mr. Ormsby Gore, the First Commissioner of Works, presided at an informal conference, which was attended by architects and surveyors of the Office of Works, representatives of the City Corporations and of Westminster City Council, and members of the Royal Fine Arts Commission. At this meeting the whole problem was discussed, and it was finally decided that while no general scheme of decoration should be employed an effort should nevertheless be made to obtain as much harmony of design as possible on the route between Buckingham Palace and St. Paul's Cathedral along which His Majesty will drive on May 6.

We would particularly commend to the notice of our readers the design shown immediately above, which could be employed on office buildings with little difficulty and at moderate cost; at the same time giving an impression of dignity fully in keeping with the greatness of the occasion.

On Left—SIMPLICITY AND DIGNITY: A triumphal archway across a main street, covered with a bright striped material and with the Royal Coat of Arms as a central enrichment

PROUD PARENTS: Lord and Lady Churston with their infant son and heir, John Francis Yarde-Buller, after he had been christened last week at St. Mark's, North Audley Street. One of the godparents is Mr. Loel Guinness, M.P.

EASTWARD BOUND: Mr. Robert Flaherty (*left*) photographed with his daughter at Victoria Station before leaving for India, where he is going to produce a film entitled *Elephant Man*. Seeing them off is "Tiger King," the Aran Islander who played a leading part in Mr. Flaherty's last picture, *Man of Aran*

ENTERTAINING LONDON: Billy Bemis (aged seventeen) and Beverley Bemis (aged sixteen), who are said to be the world's highest-paid juvenile dancers and who have recently arrived in England from America. They are seen here rehearsing at the Dorchester Hotel where they are now nightly appearing

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

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On right—A DISTINGUISHED VISITOR: Mlle Eva Curie, the youngest daughter of the discoverer of radium, who was the guest of honour at a dinner given at Claridge's last week in connection with the endowment of a hospital as a memorial to her mother. Mlle Curie worked in the family laboratory until she was seventeen, when she became a professional pianist. Her sister, however, has remained faithful to science and is now regarded as one of the leading European authorities on radio-activity

THE WORLD HIS DIOCESE: Dr. Erling Eidem, Archbishop of Upsala and Primate of Sweden, seen with his wife and daughter in London. He is now concluding an extensive tour of the leading overseas Swedish churches

THE PETROL WORLD

By A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E.

(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands, and "Sphere" Motoring Correspondent)

LINKING PARIS AND VERSAILLES: A view of the site of the new motor road which has involved the cutting away of a section of the Bois de Marly near the village of Le Tillet. When completed it will rank among the finest of France's highways

FOR more years than I care to remember I have preferred to motor by night rather than by day. A car always seems to run more sweetly, more silently, and more speedily during the hours of darkness. When equipped with good lights I think night driving has always been safer, but recently circumstances have compelled me to drive quite a lot after darkness has fallen and my experience is compelling me to alter my views. I have noticed that an uncomfortable number of drivers whom one encounters after nightfall now leave one very little room, with the result that when an oncoming car is about to pass I find it necessary to slow down almost to a crawl, as one out of three will leave me so little space on the road that if I continue at speed I might have difficulty in avoiding an accident. A few years ago oncoming drivers did not appear to expect headlamps to be dipped or dimmed, but now it is very rare to find a driver approaching who does not give unmistakable signs that he expects the headlights to be diminished in intensity.

This is purely a result of habit for with the headlamps on my car I can prove this statement time after time. The lamps are an oldish pair of Lucas P. 100's which are equipped with separate dimming bulbs. In spite of being a few years old they give a marvellous light, but I find that if I drive with only the dimming bulbs alight other drivers flick their lamps up and down at me endeavouring to make me dim mine, although they are already in that state. In order to convince my fellow motorist I have to turn them on full and then back to the dim position. The other driver has not been dazzled in the slightest but just because he can see no alteration being made to my headlights he immediately jumps to the conclusion that they are full on and that he is being dazzled. With all this dimming and with the increased number of cars on the road at nights motoring during the dark is very much slower than it used to be.

Once again I must strongly condemn the practice which some manufacturers adopt in their lighting equipment. The dimming switch provided for the driver when operated merely extinguishes one headlamp and leaves the other shining with full force in exactly the same direction. The result is, approaching motorists are almost as completely dazzled as if the two headlights were ablaze.

The other day someone suggested to me that something should be done to persuade London motorists to use the two new bridges over the Thames at Chiswick and Twickenham. Until I received this note I must confess that I had never travelled over either of them, and further I had never taken notice of any direction signs which pointed to them, although I cross the Thames on an average three or four times a week on my way from Weybridge to London. The Twickenham Bridge was the first of the two that I utilised on a journey to the West End. I made my way viâ Hampton Wick, Teddington, and went along the road between Twickenham and Richmond. About a mile before I would have reached the old Richmond Bridge a large sign did point the way to the left for the new Twickenham Bridge. The route was well signposted and I eventually crossed over the river almost in solitary state. The approach roads are good and before very long I found myself at the roundabout which is now such a prominent feature on the road between Richmond and Kew.

Except for a few cyclists, I was the sole user of that magnificent new bridge which certainly is strange in view of the fact that the alternative bridge at Richmond is narrow, terribly congested, and on the Richmond side difficult to approach. The only reason I can suggest for its being ignored is that the majority of people who are motoring out of town viâ Richmond come along from Putney or else over Barnes Common. As far as I can see there is no easy and obvious way to reach the roundabout on the Richmond–Kew Road from the East Sheen Road, with the result that motorists go along straight into Richmond and over the old bridge.

Continuing on my journey past the roundabout, I went along a nice broad road leading direct to Barnes and just before Mortlake brewery the way to the new Chiswick Bridge was clearly indicated. Here again this great new structure is practically deserted. On I went into Chiswick High Road eventually joining my old route at Hammersmith Broadway. Undoubtedly the trouble with the Chiswick Bridge is that it necessitates travelling from Hammersmith Broadway along King Street and eventually Chiswick High Road—two thoroughfares though really it is one long street—which most people would go miles out of their way to avoid. If the journey out of town is made via Notting Hill Gate and Shepherd's Bush the new Chiswick Bridge can be reached without encountering any additional traffic over what one would expect to meet by traversing Hammersmith Bridge.

However, in my opinion, the huge majority of motorists who leave London in order to go in a south-westerly direction always cross the river by Putney Bridge, which, in its newly-widened condition, is extremely easy to negotiate. The exit from town employing this bridge is popular because by coming down viâ the Embankment, King's Road Chelsea, or the Fulham Road, only about 300 yards of tramlines have to be negotiated, and there is no doubt that most drivers will always drive on a road that is free from tramlines. The only way I can see to popularize the new Twickenham and Chiswick bridges is to close the older ones for a period, and so compel the new ones to be used.

A RECENT ADDITION TO THE FORD RANGE: The Baruch Middlesex, the latest and most striking of Ford models with the V-8 chassis

I have not yet driven a car fitted with the new de Normanville safety gear. It is, of course, an exclusive Humber product and is only supplied on the 16–60-h.p. Snipe Eighty and Pullman models of these cars, but I have examined the gear-box very closely so that I am in a position to say that from a design point of view it is distinctly attractive. It is based on the epicyclic gear principle but it does not suffer from many of the disadvantages which up to now have been considered unsurmountable. A car fitted with this safety gear possesses the ordinary looking clutch pedal but no gear lever except a small finger control situated in the centre of the steering wheel. The small lever of this control can be moved about as easily as that which is sometimes fitted to control a throttle. To change gear one uses the control somewhat in the usual manner, the difference being that the clutch has only to be flicked and there is no cumbersome gear lever to move about, the actual changing being effected by the movement of the small lever in the centre of the steering wheel. Changes can be made up and down as rapidly as the foot and hand can operate and there is no chance or possibility of making a noise or missing a gear.

Other advantages are that when in neutral none of the epicyclic gears is revolving, hence the gear is silent when the car is stationary. Even when running on any of the gears no noise is heard. The driver can at any moment put the small controlling lever to the position marked "C," when the car will coast as if a free-wheel were in operation. Another point about the gear-box is that there are no bands to rub or to adjust. I will not endeavour to give a technical description, but I think I have said enough to indicate to my readers that a very interesting gear-box has been produced, and it will undoubtedly make motoring in Humber cars more delightful than ever before. I want to make it quite clear that this gear-box is fitted only to the Humber models previously mentioned as an optional extra.

Far-reaching developments are taking place in the sphere of motor lubrication, and a leading British oil company has now introduced a new lubricant for car engines which has revolutionary characteristics. The outstanding feature of this oil is its property of reducing cylinder bore wear, which is the most serious engineering problem in motoring to-day, and has been the subject of prolonged research by the Institution of Automobile Engineers.

The Bentley car is now fitted with controlled hydraulic shock absorbers. As a matter of fact the speed of the car automatically varies the Bentley shock absorbers, but the hand control fitted in the centre of the steering wheel, allows the driver to alter their degree of stiffness by hand at any time. This is a refinement which will be a joy to many Bentley owners for it allows the driver to suit the suspension to his own particular requirements.

A NEW YORKSHIRE HIGHWAY: The road from Pickering to Whitby which includes a bridge over the railway and river at Sleights. The road itself is practically complete and only the bridge and its approaches remain to be finished

BRITAIN'S DEPENDABLE CAR

...what AUSTIN OWNERS *say about* INVESTING

Report No. 556. Reg. No. PF. 5867

"YOU HAVE TRULY SAID THAT WE INVEST IN AN AUSTIN"

"In 1926 I purchased a new Austin, and after covering 56,000 miles with same as a touring car, I used it for trade purposes. Since then the car has done thousands of miles, often carrying a load of over one ton. Except for re-boring at about 90,000 miles very little has been done to it. This is a fine tribute to the quality and workmanship of Austin cars, and you have very truly said that we 'Invest in an Austin.' May I congratulate you on having produced one of the most reliable cars one can buy."

This unprompted letter (dated October, 1934) from an Austin owner is evidence of *eight years* of dependability and dogged service—most of it, incidentally, under loads and strains for which the car was never designed or intended. What more need be added! It is personal letters like this which endorse the truth of the slogan:

You buy a car—but you INVEST *in an*

AUSTIN

The York Saloon *with* 18 *h.p.* (*Tax* £13.10.0) *or with* 16 *h.p.* (*Tax* £12) *six-cylinder engine. Synchro-mesh on top, third and second gears. Wide doors for easy entrance and exit. Deep, comfortable and adjustable seats upholstered in Vaumol hide. Prices at works.* **£328**

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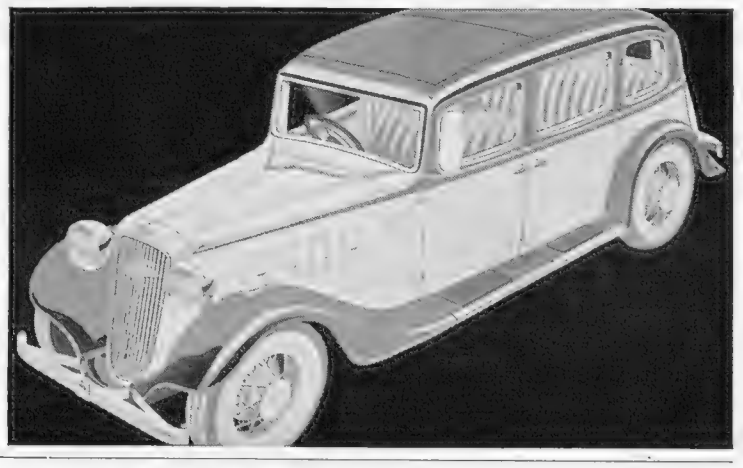
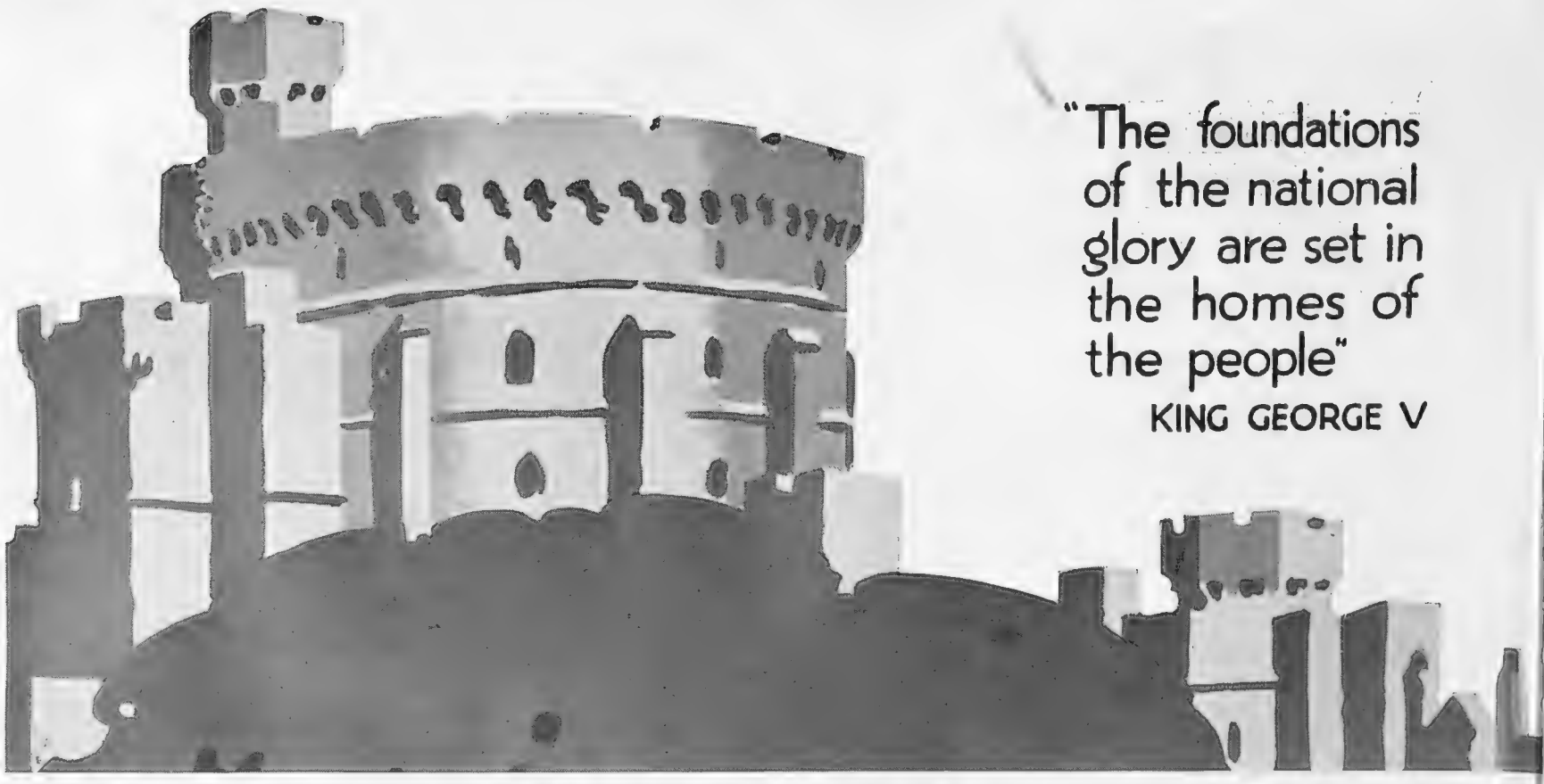


The Austin Motor Co. Ltd., Birmingham and 479 Oxford St., London. London Service Depots: 12, 16 and 20 h.p. Holland Park, W.11. 7 and 10 h.p. North Row, W.1. Export Department: Birmingham.



"The foundations of the national glory are set in the homes of the people"
KING GEORGE V

COME TO JUBILEE CITY!

Come to Olympia and its vast Grand Hall, see spread before you the thrilling story of human progress during the 25 years of the King's reign.

Here is a gigantic and all-embracing pictorial history of a quarter-century of life—the big things and the little things, the familiar and the unfamiliar—in a vast cavalcade of human advancement.

The record of great events—from the Coronation to the launching of the giant Cunarder. The story of transport—from the horse-drawn 'bus to the soaring air-liner. The whimsies of fashion through a quarter of a century—from frills and furbelows to sun-bathing scanties.

40,000 square yards of colourful painting portrays the pageant of progress which provides the setting for Jubilee City. More than 1,000 portraits of famous people of the reign look out from its vast friezes.

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Other features of the Ideal Home Exhibition include:

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GARDENS OF THE NATIONS

THEATRE OF FASHION

BATHROOMS OF TO-DAY

THE UNIVERSITY OF COOKERY

NEEDLECRAFT AVENUE

ROSEMARY'S GARDEN

TOM THUMB'S MENAGERIE

ALFREDO'S GIPSY ORCHESTRA

etc., etc., etc.

Daily Mail
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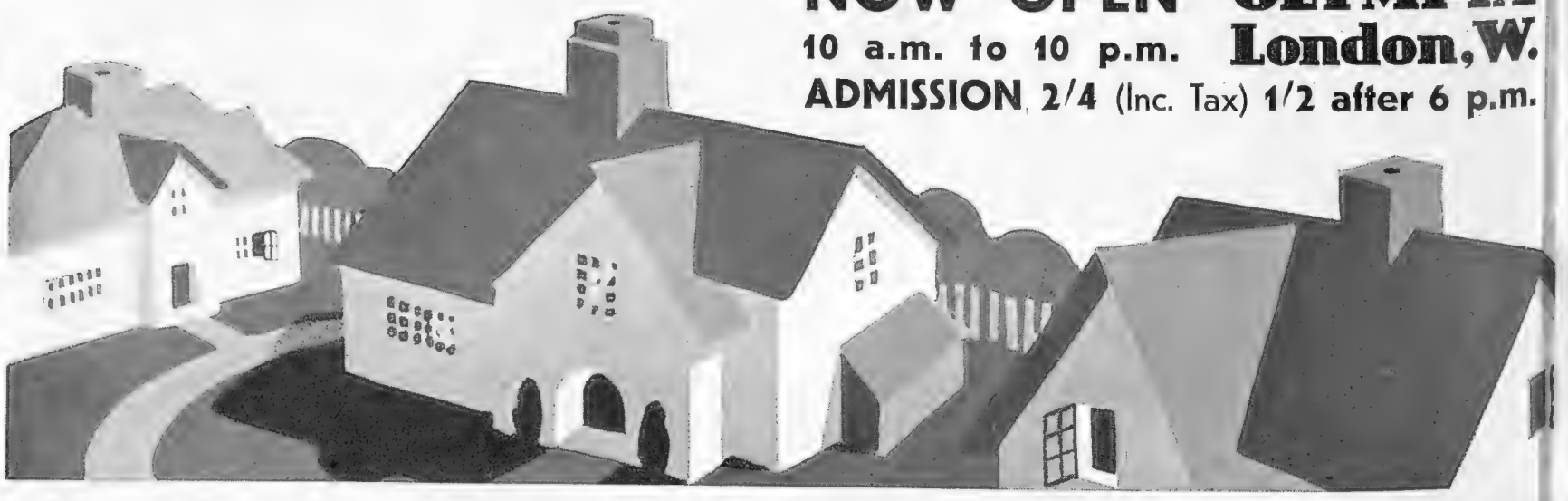
10 a.m. to 10 p.m. London, W.
ADMISSION 2/4 (Inc. Tax) **1/2 after 6 p.m.**



CAVALCADE ON CANVAS: A section of the giant Silver Jubilee frieze surrounding the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. It contains many hundreds of full-size portraits of people who have achieved distinction during the King's reign

In Search of IDEAL HOMES

By WINIFRED LEWIS

If these were the days of miracles and somebody offered me an Ideal Home, I'd refuse it. Nobody is likely to make this munificent gesture so there is no danger of my proving the sincerity of the statement. But there's the point of view, for what it's worth.

Perfection—in relation to many things besides houses — has its drawbacks. It makes an end of ambition; it puts finis to the most stimulating of all impulses, the impulse to possess that which is out of reach.

I am sure that if our houses were perfect, if they were all models of scientific planning instead of slightly old-fashioned and inconvenient, we should be less content. We should miss the challenge with which they for ever confront us.

This is not a case against the Ideal Home. I am an indefatigable hunter of that ideal, but if I never expect to attain it and fully realise that victory would be empty if I did, I don't let it bother me.

A delightful small house, designed by John Leech, and recently erected at Gidea Park. The laying out of the garden adds greatly to its beauty and is included in the purchase price

With large curved windows, this house, built on the Sussex coast, is a perfect suntrap. More and more houses are being designed on these lines, for sun and air are two of the primary considerations of the modern woman

A bathroom that is at once practical and charming. The tiles are faintly pink, and the bath and basin deep blue

Rather a complicated philosophy perhaps, but satisfying.

They tell me that something like 20,000 people visit the famous exhibition at Olympia every day. What is it that takes them there? The ambition to improve their homes; to remould them, to catch up with modern ideas and ideals.

If you are curious to know exactly how far we have got, to date, in house and home planning, you need look no further than the house which His Majesty the King has accepted as a Jubilee Gift from the members of the Royal Warrant Holders Association. This is probably the nearest thing to the Ideal Home that craftsmanship and scientific practice have so far accomplished between them.

A full-sized replica of the house, completely equipped and furnished, is on show at the Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia. Though it is designed for a king this house draws near to the average person's ideal of a home by reason of its comparatively modest size. The equipment, decoration, and furnishing are in proportion, of course, though they have all the perfection of a palace.

The accommodation is fairly typical of the average house to-day. A hall, drawing-room, dining-room, small study, loggia, three main bedrooms, two maids' bedrooms, three bathrooms, kitchen-scullery, maids' sitting-room, wine cellar, garage, and chauffeur's quarters.

The design of the house typifies the present ideal. It combines the best principles of scientific design and equipment with the gracious elegance of the period design. Mr. C. Beresford Marshall, the architect, has described his design as "of the fine Georgian period with a feeling of modernism distinguished by spaciousness." This description fits the modern conception in house design to a nicety.

Inside the King's house a preference for more permanent styles of decoration than we have favoured lately is noticeable. Cherrywood, sycamore, and Australian blackwood are used for indoor panelling and woodwork.

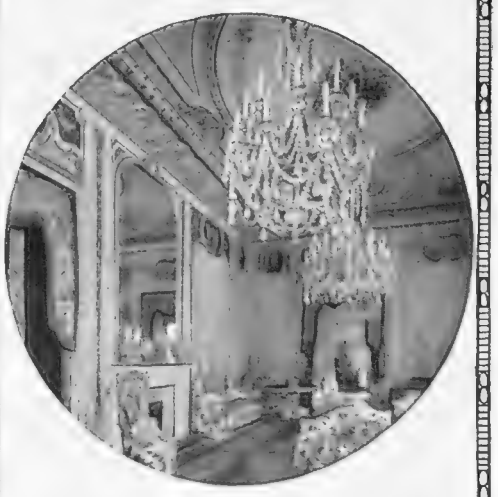
Panelling for interior decoration is definitely in favour, and there are so many excellent varieties of synthetic wood panelling now available that this style of decoration is within the reach of most pockets.

Spaciousness and sunlight continue to be the ideal of the modern designer. Light colourings such as pale apple-green and parchment help to emphasize this characteristic of the King's house. Wide bronze doors, as well as ample window space preserve the same feeling throughout.

It is these principles that have helped to bring about the improvement in the better type of small houses that are appearing now. Even the bungalow is a vastly different proposition from the bungalow of a few years back. Smallness is no great obstacle to spaciousness in these days, and architectural dignity is as well sustained on one floor as on two, if the designing is in good hands.

The series of modern bathrooms shown at Olympia are proof that comfort and even luxury (hygiene, of course, is understood) are now equally well served in the smallest bathroom as in the more ambitious kind. The same applies to kitchens. No matter how small the house you occupy to-day you can still have a luxury kitchen. Moreover, it is not expensive to equip yourself lavishly in the kitchen, because modern cooking, heating and cleaning appliances save money hand over fist.

A perfectly-equipped kitchen in a modern flat. The built-in cupboards, the enamelled tables, and the refrigerator all save time and temper



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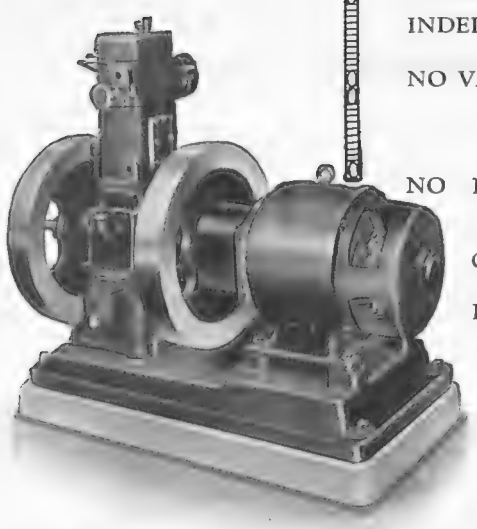

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THROUGH THE

Anybody's sympathies would have gone out to the young woman whom I met the other day; she had been married about three years and recently decided to live in one of the more pleasant medium-sized houses in "London's country"—

Here is a dressing table with skirts—the kidney-shaped design that is, perhaps, the most practical and decorative of all. This comes from Italia House, where the woman with a flair for decoration can find just such things as will suit her hand-picked room

her town flat furniture was supposed to "do" for all the rooms except the large living room; and she had just discovered that, what with the nurseries and the other "communal" rooms, the only room left to her for her own is her large and delightful bedroom, out of which is her husband's dressing-room. "My small-flat furniture just won't do . . ." she complained; "and I am perplexed as to what to install instead. I just cannot afford to spend a great deal and, anyhow, I am all moidered at the choice of styles and periods."

There are a great many busy people with the normal post-crisis bank balance who dislike either extreme; who refuse to spend at least one-third of their lives in a room that looks like an operating theatre, and yet who cannot quite reconcile themselves either to "bits and pieces" from various inherited and acquired furnishings, or to a complete pseudo-Tudor or Queen Anne room. Is there, they ask, anything within the reach of a moderate purse that is of the present period, efficient and friendly?

There is. And at the same time the various modern designs have the additional asset of being planned for the woman who uses her bedroom also as an occasional escape from the social life of the home; who, though she does not retire "to lie down," may retire to read, write letters, or even "relax" and rest. At the same time she realizes that in this room alone of all the rooms in her house, she can go all out in expression of her personal taste.

What are the possibilities? They are good and they are many; and, here are some of them.

Assume that she has done the intelligent thing and started clear of commitments; that there are no "brought forwards" from the old home, and that there is a pleasant rectangular space to fill. Even though the room is to be used as an occasional sitting-room she will not make the mistake of camouflaging its real purpose; she will see that it is efficiently equipped to house her bed (which must be the best she can afford) and to house her clothes. If she be wise, she will take as much care in the "filing" of her outfit as any business man does in his office equipment; if she has not a built-in wardrobe she will go all out to acquire a large and decorative one that will proudly enough proclaim its fitness for its purpose.

"Modern woods" help a great deal; sycamore, walnut, maple are among the woods we like at the moment, not for-

getting all the infinite varieties of veneers and plywoods. There is nothing that dates (that is, renders soon out of date) a room so much as extremes in choice of design, and for that reason furniture, if it is to be an investment, must be controlled in its "modern-ness"!

And it must not be jerry-built, especially in these days of central heating and synthetic fires. That is why it really does pay to go to a conscientious firm employing not only brilliant contemporary designers, but workmen with tiresome consciences. At Harrods, in their modern furniture department, I found just such a suite as I wanted. Walnut, modern, and—which is important—*sufficient* in equipment. It is illustrated here and it presents a design that is of the period in which we are living which will mellow as a good example of mid-

A corner in the modern room—walnut used in simplicity, but not stunt decoration

Georgian for one's grandchildren to be glad to inherit.

There is a certain satisfaction in good woods, competently worked in honest design, and there is no suspicion of makeshift. It is infinitely better to follow this train of thought than that which leads to exotic hangings, of synthetic steel tubular effects (which do not appeal to the ordinary person), or camouflaged divans.

Should you need a softer style try the varieties of "new" materials: as a good instance of this a "crushed velvet" which is extremely decorative and easily kept spruce with the usual vacuum cleaner equipment of the modern home. The choice is a matter of temperament, mainly; and only the woman who makes that choice knows her own characteristic "background" and she alone can decide what is best suited to her in this room that, of all those in her home, can be asked (without priggishness!) to "express" her personality. She fails as a home maker if it merely expresses what she thinks she *ought* to have to impress her friends with her good taste! And it fails horribly if it is only a stunt!

LOOKING GLASS

By JOAN WOOLLCOMBE

Then there are those of us with a real taste for decoration: for the "artistic" in the best sense of that much-misused word.

But it must be authentic and not "arty-crafty" . . . and a prolonged search revealed to me what I wanted in Italia House in Welbeck Street: because here infinite care is taken to produce design and workmanship that is competent and that does not rely on cheap effect.

There are few of us who can resist the kidney shaped dressing table in petticoats! You see it illustrated here: and those of us who have dressed for a party with such a dressing table to aid and abet us, know its worth! That queer but real thing we call "atmosphere" is supplied by the feminine equipment of this type.

Then, having settled the character of the room, one comes up against the details of equipment. Most of us reasonably dislike the nakedness of exposed washing equipment! It is easy and quite inexpensive to enclose the fixed basin in its own cupboard with its own automatically operated lighting. The separate bathroom should be equipped with a bidet and a weighing machine. The latter can be bought for anything just over or under a pound and is an essential for the woman who takes reasonable care of her health and figure. Lighting should not be anything but "local"—that is, an efficient bedside lights: dressing table lights and washing lights. For the more decorative room it is possible to indulge one's taste for all sorts of adapted candle arrangements as well as shades of the parchment variety; as these are relatively inexpensive and very amusing to buy, time is well spent in demanding to see all that such experts as Italia House, Troughton and Young (in the more modern style) and Harrods can show. The choice of actual bulb is important. Do not waste watts! And do explore the possibilities of pearl, of tinted and of "daylight" lamps. There is no greater fun than demanding to see the resources of the electrical department of a big store and the assistants have endless patience in showing them.

Most women prefer to be independent of their domestic staff for their early-morning (or late-night) hot drink. Electric kettles and gas kettles are remarkably cheap; and we are still behindhand in making either of these great public utility services serve us.

Finally, floors. Few of us can bound gaily out of bed on to a cold floor; and all of us have different ideas on the ideal flooring . . . but the fact emerges that it must be entirely covered with softness of some sort.

Last, but by no means least, the equipment of the bed. It is essential that the spring, overlay, mattress, and covers shall be the best that your means can purchase. Most of us sleep but indifferently because we have not planned our beds well. And here health is involved: the percentage of people who take mild sleeping draughts would be greatly reduced if these same folk consulted such experts as the "Slumberland" people, and set out determined to find a mattress, springs, and coverings that would give the maximum of rest all of every night. A sleeping draught is a confession of failure of bodily equipment, mind equipment, or merely mechanical bed equipment.

You buy a mattress so seldom that you will not want to waste your money; get a self-ventilating well-constructed mattress. If you buy a "Slumberland" Super-Spring you can also buy a special well-sunk base for this which will give added resilience without increasing unduly the total height of your bed; the mattress should cost you round about £5 or so, and if you are wise you will also indulge in a specially made "Slumberland" pillow.

The final question emerges: do you go into your bedroom and shut the door behind you and think: *This room is quite delightful*, or do you look round with dissatisfaction and distaste?

If the latter, then at least one third of your life is definitely unsatisfactory: if you get a little shock of pleasure every time you see the room that is essentially your own, then you have succeeded in making a background for living that is one of the real (and rare!) triumphs of house-management.

ive manner that appeals to the woman who wants n This is designed by Harrods

When it comes to a definite taste for rough surfaced material, Harrods have designed a most successful crushed velvet suite which you see here. It is extremely decorative and colourful and can easily be kept clean with a vacuum cleaner

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THE ART OF HOME-MAKING

A pleasant living room in Whiteley's exhibition of modern design for living. It demonstrates the versatility of the new Plan furniture, which lends itself to countless interesting experiments in different groupings

By DEREK PATMORE

What is it that makes a home attractive? And why is it that some rooms are so much more attractive than others? It is not a question of money, as so many people seem to think.

Surely, the art of home-making lies in the ability to know how to create a suitable background for one's own personality. It is also achieved by knowing how to mix colours, the correct fabrics to choose for curtains and covers, how to arrange one's furniture and lighting; all of which the average woman of taste can learn if she really cares to try, for this knowledge is inexpensive to acquire. I mention this fact as so many women say to me, "of course, it would be lovely to have a room like so-and-so's, but I cannot afford such things."

To-day, this question of expense is a fallacy. It is just as easy for the woman of moderate means to furnish her home attractively as it is for those who are able to spend lavishly.

A visit to Whiteley's really interesting exhibition of rooms for Modern Living provides a striking example of how to furnish and decorate your home inexpensively. Here you will find a whole series of living-rooms, bedrooms, and dining-rooms furnished simply but attractively in the modern style, and these suites of furniture can either be bought outright or, alternatively, on the hire-purchase system—a boon to those people who prefer to conserve their capital.

This firm has made a feature of what they call Plan furniture, which is simple modern furniture based on units of size and type capable of endless combination to fill every need of modern living, the idea being that in this way one can buy modern furniture for the smallest or most awkwardly shaped room. It is made in light oak, dark oak and weathered oak and in five standard colours; whilst it is well made and perfectly finished it is as cheap as any furniture of this type on the market.

For those people who are interested in the modern idea of decoration this new department of Whiteley's reveals a very wide selection of original ideas. Personally, I consider that this department stands head and shoulders above similar departments in most stores. It is one of the few that has displayed modern ideas with good taste—*i.e.*, careful blending of colour schemes, and furniture that is upholstered in the best of the new furnishing fabrics, etc. I feel that one of the reasons that more people have not become enthusiastic over modern decoration is that many of the so-called "modern" rooms are furnished in such deplorable taste that would-be converts become discouraged. The success of Whiteley's Plan furniture tends to show that there is definitely a great demand for tasteful well-designed furniture, provided it is produced at a reasonable price and intelligently exhibited to the public.

For those who prefer to retain some of their old furniture, some of the most successful rooms that have been decorated recently have achieved their success by combining old furniture with new styles, and there is no doubt that this movement is growing more and more popular in this country. Frequently an old set of chairs or a Chippendale dining-room suite will

A modern dining room designed by Waring and Gillow and Oxford Street. Almost austere in its simplicity of line, beauty on the exquisite marking of

Every Room Should Have a Charm of Its Own, and This is Never Dependent on the Amount of Money Spent on Elaborate Decorative Schemes

be greatly enhanced in its decorative value by being re-covered in one of the many new fabrics. Incidentally, I noticed that many of the suites of chairs at Whiteley's are covered in some of the Old Bleach Linen Company's best fabrics.

There are many new ways of making pictures appear attractive; for instance, instead of retaining the old-fashioned gilt frames new materials are used, such as cork and mirror-glass. A clever idea of utilising pictures in a room is to place them on top

Nothing is so restful as wood panelling—perhaps because it gives an illusion of permanence in this rapidly changing world. And in the end it is economical because it does not date. This living room is panelled in stripped pine and is shown in the series of rooms exhibited by Waring and Gillow

When you are decorating your home, a valuable point to remember is that any one piece of furniture or decorative object, whether it is old or modern, will fit into whatever scheme you are designing provided it is fine enough in quality or design, and this accounts for the reason why so frequently an old Persian rug or Chinese pottery will look very effective in a modern setting.

This last year has seen a great revival in quilting for decorative purposes, and these quilted chintzes make admirable covers for period furniture. Some very attractive examples of chairs covered in this new material can be found at Messrs. Waring and Gillow, and would look most attractive in a pine-panelled room such as shown in one of their specimen rooms. This firm has always been famous for its furnishing fabrics, and those who like to design their scheme around the materials they are using in each room could not do better than visit the Furnishing Fabrics department of this firm. They have one of the widest selections in London, and their enormous range of the latest fabrics will satisfy all tastes, however varied.

...ibited in their salons in ...e furniture relies for its ...f wood

An interesting tendency in contemporary decoration is the return of pictures. A few years ago modern decorators attempted to banish pictures altogether, but people soon became tired of wide expanses of bare walls, and the return of pictures in the schemes of even the most modern decorators is most marked.

of a built-in bookcase so that they lean against the wall, or on a rail of wood half-way up the wall—most of the modern rooms of to-day have this small shelf, which is also useful for placing odd decorative trifles. The advantage of this picture treatment is that when one gets tired of the particular subject that is displayed, one can change for another without the trouble that is necessary when the picture is suspended on a cord. Actually this is an eastern idea, and in Japan this is carried out in every home.

I find that women are always anxious to know what are the latest colour schemes. This year it appears that there is a definite popularity for rooms decorated in tones of blue. One famous decorating firm is showing a very lovely bedroom in which the walls are of pale grey-blue, and the bed is upholstered in deep ultramarine blue satin; I also recently saw a modern nursery in which the walls had been distempered ice blue, and the wood-work painted a deeper blue.

Other popular combinations of colours are derived from Chinese paintings and pottery. The forthcoming exhibition of Chinese art at Burlington House is, undoubtedly, influencing this tendency, and these combinations are admirably suitable for the modern home. For instance, celandine green is one of the most popular of the new colours, and this shade is admirable for the walls of a dining-room as it provides an effective setting for the rich warmth of furniture in mahogany. With such a scheme curtains made in one of the new off-white fabrics or beige would look delightful. Another interesting combination of colours is that of using Chinese yellow with lacquer red. I particularly liked a living-room which had been painted Chinese yellow with built-in furniture of lacquer red. In contrast the fabrics used for covers were of stone colour tweed called quarry cloth.

As far as lighting is concerned, this is still very subdued. More and more indirect lighting is being used. Frequently rooms are lit by concealed lights beneath the pelmets of the curtains, or, in the case of an old house, tubes of strip lighting are placed behind old beams.

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In any case the relative advantages of the Grid system and the purchasing of a private generating plant should be carefully considered before any decisive step is taken. Where the company's cable actually passes the door it is probably more convenient to link up with it, though it is not always quite so simple to decide which of their tariffs to adopt. Careful preliminary calculations must be made, or the consumer may find that he is paying more than he need for a commodity that is already rated far higher than the public were led to expect when the golden era of electricity was first boomed. There is, of course, the chance that the price per unit may fall as the number of consumers increases, but there is little immediate prospect of such an event inasmuch as a large proportion of the cost is accounted for by the interest payable on the sums of money borrowed when the mains were laid. And it must be borne in mind that after a private plant is installed it remains a realisable asset which would change hands at a fair price if the property were sold. The capital outlay naturally depends on the size of the scheme, but the initial costs are comparatively low, and the running costs are, in the majority of cases, considerably below the rates offered by the local company. It is not possible to go into these costs here, for private plants vary from those suitable for a house with, say, four bedrooms, to installations that will provide for the needs of a mansion. There are several types on offer, and it should be borne in mind that running costs, including those for upkeep, are the most important items to consider.

On an average it can be reckoned that a Diesel engine, burning crude oil, provides electricity at less than 1d. a unit. Furthermore, the newest models have been simplified to such an extent that no skilled labour is essential for the engine to be kept in order. It is a task that can perfectly well be undertaken by the gardener or chauffeur, especially as the installing firms give a very comprehensive agreement, which includes a periodical overhaul of the entire plant.

Drake and Gorham, who are responsible for the installations at some of the most famous homes in England, are one of the oldest firms of electrical contractors in this country. They put in the plant at Blenheim Palace for the late Duke of Marlborough, at Badminton for the Duke of Beaufort, at Linton Park for Lord Cornwallis, at Cranborne Manor House for the Marquess of Salisbury, and at Wappingthorn for the Hon. Arthur Howard — to mention just a few.

Other recent installations include the electrical equipment of the Bank of England new buildings, the complete Diesel generating plant at the head offices of the Prudential Assurance Company at Holborn, as well as numerous churches, banks, public buildings, and cinemas.

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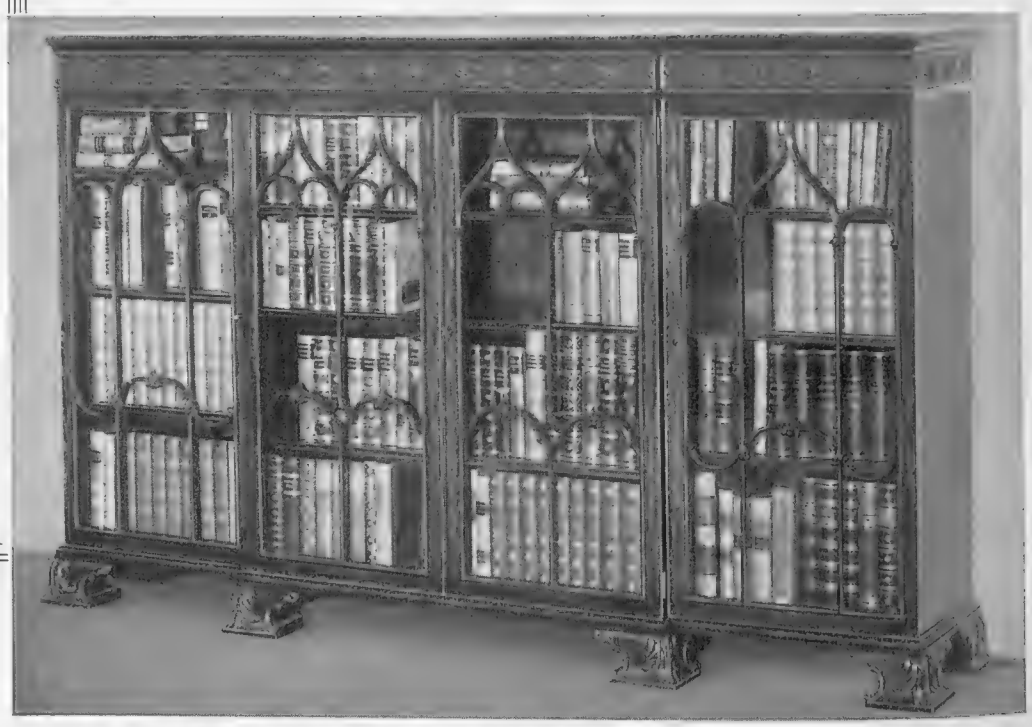

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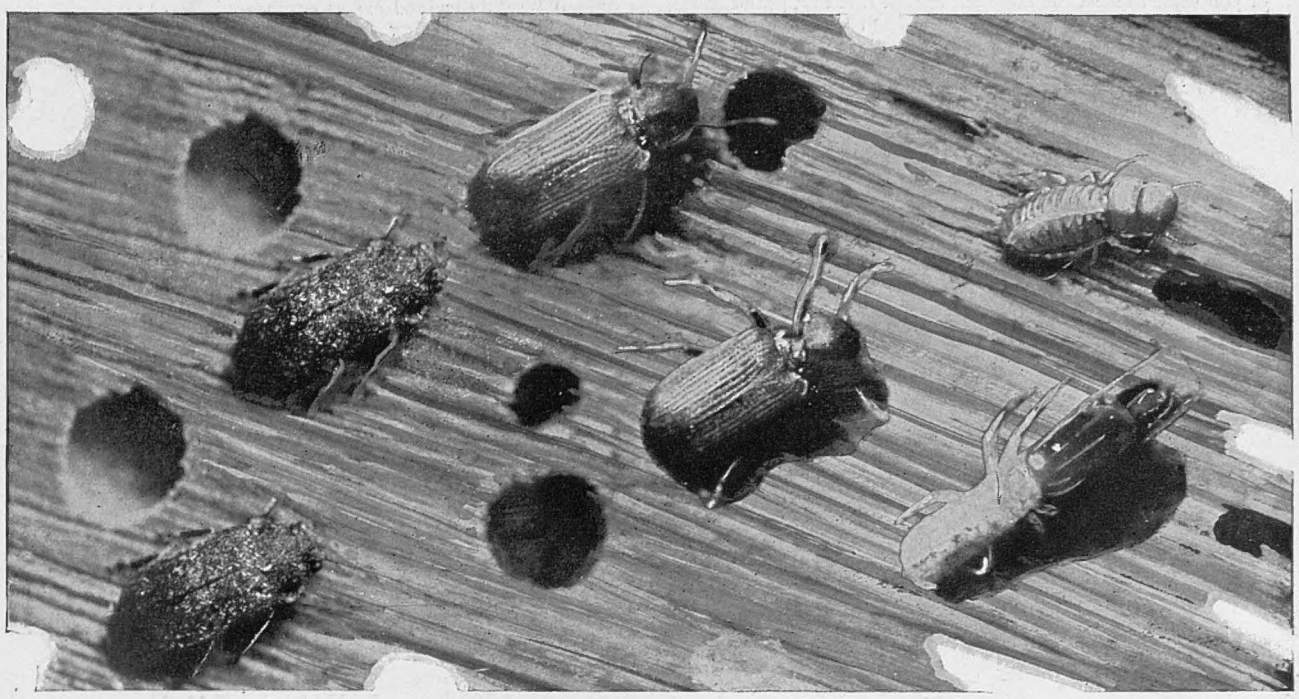

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Anticipating Heat Waves

In these days of modern flats, built with small kitchens and, more often than not, no larders, a refrigerator is not a luxury. It is a necessity. And, what is more, it is a form of true economy, for it prevents waste, safeguards health, and generally simplifies life, since shopping can be done when it is convenient, and not only at the last moment. At the same time, the most important factor for the majority of people is the question of price. That, too, presents no difficulties to those who know, for there is an excellent British-made refrigerator, all-electric and silent running, which is obtainable for as little as £1 down and £1 per month. It is made by the Pressed Steel Company and is called the "Prestcold," service, if required, being available from any of the 350 Service Depots, staffed by fully trained expert engineers. They have issued a most interesting booklet entitled *What could I do with a Refrigerator?*, a copy of which will gladly be sent on request. Write to Prestcold, Pressed Steel Co. Ltd., Oxford, asking for one.

Miss Doreen Evans

In THE SPHERE of March 16 a picture appeared which showed Miss Doreen Evans, the well-known woman driver, in her new streamlined M.G. Inadvertently Miss Evans's name was given as Wallace—an error which we now hasten to correct.

The Last Days of Voltaire

The beautiful terra-cotta statuette shown below, which is shortly to come up for auction, was an original study by Houdon for his famous statue of Voltaire which now stands in the foyer of the Comédie Française. Lady Dilke in her *French Architects and Sculpture of the Eighteenth Century*, tells the pathetic story of one of the last sittings which Voltaire gave the sculptor. Houdon, it appears, had complained to a friend that "the old man's face lost, as he sat, all trace of life, save painful signs of weariness and irritation, and it was suggested that in secret, the crown should be brought that Brizard, the actor, had placed on Voltaire's head on the day of his triumph at the Française . . . the scheme was carried through and had the desired effect of rousing the failing spirit. Physical suffering which was already becoming acute was for a moment forgotten . . . and bursting into tears Voltaire cried, as the crown touched his brow, 'Que faites-vous, jeune homme? Jetez-la sur ma tombe qui s'ouvre.'"

THE SAGE OF FERNEY: A statuette of François Voltaire by Jean Houdon, the great French sculptor. It was formerly in the possession of the late Sir A. W. Pinero and is to be sold at Sotheby's on Friday, April 5

THE BARONESS CHRISTA BODENHAUSEN who was presented at last Thursday's Court at Buckingham Palace by Madame Regis de Oliveira, wife of the Brazilian Ambassador

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

H.R.H. the Duke of Kent, who had arranged to attend the Annual Meeting of the Society at Queen's Hall on May 29, has been appointed Lord High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland. His Royal Highness will have to be in Edinburgh on this date, so the date of the Society's Annual Meeting has been changed to Monday, June 3, when it is hoped that His Royal Highness will be able to attend. Tickets for reserved seats at 5s. and 2s. 6d. may be obtained from the Headquarters of the Society, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS JUBILEE NUMBER PROGRAMME

ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS FIVE SHILLING SOUVENIR NUMBER

ON SALE APRIL 17

This Extra Number will be apart from the usual issues of this paper, and will, therefore, require a special order. It will rank with the famous Record Numbers published by "The Illustrated London News" in the past. It will be bound in a most attractive Special Cover, and it will contain Numerous Pages in Full Colours and Gold and Hundreds of Illustrations in Photogravure; with Articles by Famous Writers and Experts.

The price of this Record Number of the King's Twenty-Five Years' Reign will be Five Shillings. (Including postage and packing: Inland, 5/9; Foreign, 6/1; Canada and Newfoundland, 5/4. If sent by Registered Post, 3d. extra in each case.)

MAY 4 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS)

This Number, which will be superb from cover to cover, with a quantity of colour, will deal with their Majesties in person, showing what their beneficent reign has done for the Nation. The issue of May 4 will deal chiefly with the personalities of our Great King and Queen. It will not be in a sense a history of the twenty-five years' reign, but will show how much the Royal House means to the loyal subjects of the Crown.

In addition, all the preliminaries of the Jubilee Celebrations will be dealt with *in-extenso*. The chief participants, the preparations and the staging of the great events will be illustrated in colour and in monochrome, so that the Number will form an admirable guide to the pomp and splendour of the following week.

MAY 11 ISSUE (TWO SHILLINGS) COVERING ACTUAL CEREMONIES

The issue will contain all the best illustrations of the actual ceremonies dealing with the Silver Jubilee, in such a way that even those who are unable to witness them will be almost able to feel that they were present in person.

The processional ride of their Majesties and the ceremony in St. Paul's will be presented in a specially spacious way.

Everything of interest dealing with the actual events of the most eventful days will be covered most strikingly so that the Number will be a permanent record of the rejoicings and thanksgivings for the reign of the King and Queen.

This will not be in any way a retrospective number; it will be of an entirely topical character and will be one that everyone who rejoices with us in the fortunate completion of their Majesties' twenty-five years of unremitting efforts for the good of their Country, must procure and keep as a memento of the great occasion.

THE SPHERE

MAY 4 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The issue of "The SPHERE" for May 4th (the Saturday preceding the actual day of celebration, Monday, May 6), will take the form of a record of the King's reign from May 6, 1910 (the day of his accession) to the present day.

The chief feature of this issue will be a personal narrative from the very able pen of one who has shared in many of the great incidents of the reign. It will appear under the title of "Twenty-five Years a King" and will be copiously illustrated from all available sources. Many of the events have been pictured by Mr. F. Matania, R.I., "The SPHERE'S" leading black and white artist. and a study of the wealth of material which the Editor is preparing reveals the fact that this record should prove a veritable cavalcade of pictorial splendour.

Many of the outstanding events will be pictured in full colours. Portrait painters of note will contribute studies of the King and Queen with scenes in the Royal residences. A special separate plate-portrait of His Majesty will be included.

MAY 11 (TWO SHILLINGS)

Every preparation is being made to make "The SPHERE" of May 11 a splendid, almost a living picture of the events in celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the King's reign.

This issue will form a record of the actual ceremonies, Royal and Civic, with which the wonder week of May will be marked. The foremost black and white artist of the day, Mr. F. MATANIA, R.I., will picture a number of the main incidents, and will be supported by a band of distinguished artists specially selected and commissioned for this issue.

All the pictures will have actuality quality which have distinguished "THE SPHERE" in past years, and which will undoubtedly give this issue its special value as an historic document.

Special subjects will be reproduced in colour and the whole will be bound within a cover of exceptional artistry, designed by Millar Watt. It will convey in decorative form the sense of timeliness which lies within and will be a worthy addition to the family treasures.

SPORTING AND DRAMATIC

MAY 3 (TWO SHILLINGS)

The Special Royal Jubilee Number of "The Illustrated Sporting & Dramatic News" will contain a complete pictorial and literary record of His Majesty's life as a sportsman. His career and achievements as a shot, yachtsman, race-horse owner, dog-breeder and farmer will be dealt with in detail by recognised authorities.

Lieut.-Col. Cyril Foley will describe His Majesty's brilliant career as one of the best shots in the world.

Major B. Heckstall Smith, recognised as a world-wide authority on yachting, writes with first-hand knowledge of the King's many successes with "Britannia," aboard which Major Heckstall Smith has sailed on many occasions.

The royal stables and bloodstock will be described by Mr. Cecil Leveson-Gower.

His Majesty's gundogs will be specially illustrated and described by our Kennel Editor, Mr. A. Croxton Smith. A special set of photographs, for which royal permission was obtained, will be given.

In addition the issue will contain a number of beautiful coloured plates, some hitherto unpublished, showing the King shooting, yachting and racing.

It is confidently predicted that this issue will constitute the most complete and beautifully illustrated record of his Majesty's career as a sportsman yet published.

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